Written by

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“Hell is empty and all the devils are here.”

– Shakespeare, The Tempest (Act 1, Scene 2)

Northtown

FADE IN:

INT. WRETCHED APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY

SUPER: North Las Vegas, Nevada (Northtown)

SUPER: Southeastern Edge

Amidst clutter and O.S. TV noise, a wide-eyed four year old, DAVE, sits at a cheap pressed-wood dining table. Barefoot, not exactly clean, he wears only T-shirt and briefs.

A HAGGARD WOMAN, 30-ish, stirs a pot on a nearby stove. She smokes, has rings under eyes, needs a shower. Her actions are broad and clumsy, like a drunkard. An expressionless little Dave watches.

LITTLE DAVE
Mommy?

DAVE'S MOM
I heard you the first time, Dave. Shut the fuck up, please, you're driving me crazy, here!

LITTLE DAVE
Yes, mommy.

She trickles salt into the pot. Dave unseats, climbs onto the kitchen counter, sits near the stove, watches her. She totally ignores him, moves the pot from the glowing hot electric burner to an inactive coil on the stovetop.

Dave's Mom drops to the cabinets below the kitchen sink, removes a generic plastic spray bottle that's hand-marked with the numbers "409". The liquid inside is amber in color, however. She unscrews the spray nozzle, takes a big, deep swig from the bottle. Dave watches, she feels the stare.

LITTLE DAVE (CONT'D)
That's poison!

His mom laughs, the tortured cackle of an addict.

DAVE'S MOM
Oh, yeah, hon: 80-proof Kentucky poison. You stay out of it, now! Tell your sister, too. Bitch.

She laughs, tears mixed in. Dave reaches for a plate of food on the counter, a nasty, steaming dish of brown meat.

DAVE'S MOM (CONT'D)
No! That's my liver, sweetie. Grown-up food. Just sit tight.

LITTLE DAVE
(sprightly)
Don't eat the liver!

DAVE'S MOM
That's right, baby.

She swigs again, grimaces. She caps the bottle, looks at Dave, flustered. She smiles, stands and moves to him. She gently wipes his hair away from his face.

DAVE'S MOM (CONT'D)
Mama's little man.
(picks him up, cradles him awkwardly)
Wanna dance with mommy?

She dances around the kitchen with Dave in her arms. He just kind of lays there laughing, arms and legs sticking-out. She gives a final hug.

DAVE'S MOM (CONT'D)
Okay, little man, I've gotta get daddy's supper.

She moves to put him down...

...and sits him directly on top of the red-hot stove burner.

Little Dave howls a high-pitched animal wail. He jumps from the stove and falls hard to the floor. Horrifying screams. His underwear burns, but he smacks it out, reflexively.

Dave's mom actually laughs a little, at first...but then sees what she's done, and goes to him. Dave quickly flop-crawls away from her, out of her reach. He lays on his side in a corner, behind a steel-legged table. His screams reduce to guttural moans and pouts, his shorts smoke.

REST OF SCENE IS LITTLE DAVE'S POV, FROM UNDER THE TABLE

Dave's mom hovers out of reach. She's genuinely concerned.

Suddenly appearing in the b.g. is DAVE'S FATHER, who we do not see, facially. He stops in the kitchen entrance, wearing some kind of hardware store uniform, or something.

DAVE'S FATHER
(Bronx)
What the hell's goin' on in here?!

DAVE'S MOM
Asshole.
(to Little Dave)
C'mon, honey. Mommy's sorry.

DAVE'S FATHER
What happened?! What'd you do?!

Dave's Father walks over, leans down. We still don't see his face. He pauses a beat, see Dave's injury.

DAVE'S FATHER (CONT'D)
Hoooooly shit!!

And then he violently pulls Dave's Mom up by the hair. We hear her scalp tear, she screams.

DAVE'S FATHER (CONT'D)
What the fuck did you do to him?!
You fuckin' burned him, you no good
fuckin' drunk!

DAVE'S MOM
Fuck you! Fuck you!

Dave's Father punches her in the face. Hard. Dave's POV doesn't reveal it all. There's a scuffle. Dave's Father throws Dave's Mom across and out of the kitchen, like a doll.

DAVE'S FATHER
Get the fuck outta here!!

He walks to the stove, turns it off. He stands in front of the burner, likely seeing Little Dave's melted flesh thereon.

DAVE'S FATHER (CONT'D)
Jesus fuck.

Dave's Father starts to lean down toward Dave, when suddenly Dave's Mom reappears in the kitchen doorway. She carries a medium caliber revolver, possibly a 38.

With no warning or pause, she fires into the father's back. Twice. Dave's Father stumbles, turns toward her in agony. He AD LIB curses her, tries to get his footing. She fires again, he falls to the ground, silent. We never see his face.

DAVE'S MOM
(breathless)
Fuck you.

She walks toward Little Dave, but goes instead to the sink area, opens a cabinet. She seems to be looking for something. She returns to Dave's position, leans down into his view.

Her eye is torn and bleeding from the punch she took. And, she has the pistol, points it vaguely toward Little Dave.

DAVE'S MOM (CONT'D)
(gently)
What did mommy tell you? Don't eat the liver. I told you. I told you.

She cocks the pistol, puts it toward Dave's face. She starts to squeeze...but at the last second hesitates. Her pistol arm goes limp, she cries, her head in hand.

She looks up at him, then puts her pistol in her mouth, pulls the trigger. Her head rockets backward, bangs the bottom of the table. She drops dead immediately. After a few beats, Little Dave crawls from under the table.

END LITTLE DAVE'S POV

Little Dave, with difficulty, stands silent in the kitchen, holding his backside. Softly crying, he studies the scene of carnage, we now see the bizarre, cauterized burn-marks. He turns, limps away, enters...

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

Indistinct decor and trimmings, but bleak. Little Dave moves to an active television, which carries a "day-of" transmission of "The New Price Is Right!" (Bob Barker white-hair era, mid-90's). Little Dave stands there, stares at the transmission, still sobbing.

CUT TO:

INT. ADULT DAVE'S SHACK - VARIOUS - DAY

SUPER: Northtown, Northeastern Edge

SUPER: 20 Years Later

Over the scream of a jet aircraft passing——far louder than typical airport noise——we find a 23 year-old Dave. He's become a dangerously attractive young man. He's on a ratty recliner, half-shaven, hair zany, shirtless, expression monotone. On the left side of his face is a prominent scar which he somehow wears very well.

His living space is dismal but oddly tidy, with cheap and ugly appointments. An expensive entertainment center dominates the far wall, however, Goldmund logos visible. A serious HD flatscreen TV is here, too.

We're just in time to catch a DREW CAREY-hosted modern episode of "The Price is Right," complete with lovely middle-aged MODELS spreading arms around the goodies.

Dave is masturbating over the models. We see none of this directly. He strokes like a starved prisoner, never taking eyes from his targets.

Another unusually loud, ear-killing jet goes over as Dave reaches climax. His expression barely changes: Only a slight blink. Dave stands, walks to his teeny-tiny bathroom. His bare ass is quite muscular, and on said ass is the odd coil of dramatic scars, the circular maze of the stove burner.

Dave grabs some toilet paper, wipes his mess. He checks himself in the mirror, stares at himself, frozen and stoic. Several beats, then Dave returns nude to the living room, plops himself at a rickety kid's desk. He pulls a notepad and pen, scribbles.

DAVE (V.O.)
It looked like crazy people pouring out. But I like shadows on the mountain. Especially like now, in the winter. Your mind can grow. Like coffee does. Maybe if you love a girl, or somebody else you love, it's like coffee. A lot of cups. Maybe...
(stops, scratches "maybe")
There was no moon and no clouds last night. It was so cold! I'm scared when the sun comes out. There is so much noise when people are awake. The mountains never get scared, though. Okay, bye.

Dave pulls his note from the pad. He grabs a smallish envelope from a stack, puts the note inside, seals it. The envelope is handwritten, pre-posted, pre-addressed, but the writing isn't clearly visible.

There's a red rubber stamper on his desk. Dave wets it, presses it on the envelope: A huge HAND CANCEL mark. Dave look at an old propped-up wristwatch on his desk: 12:27 PM.

DAVE
Shit!

Dave goes berserk, hauls-ass around the shack gathering clothes. He scoops the Goldmund remote while doing, cranks the 1979 Agent Orange track *There's No Such Thing*.

Dave dresses in a panic, and he's just about together...in black dress pants, a crisp white shirt, silly black bowtie.

In the kitchen, he grabs an ID badge off the refrigerator, and then specifically picks up an incongruous, old fashioned silver key, kind of a quasi-skeleton key. He runs for the door...but catches sight of himself in the stainless steel hood of his two-burner range: Hair! Fucked!

Back to the bathroom, where he runs fingers through his neck-length mess. The old wristwatch nears 12:30.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Fuck! Fuck!

Dave opens the medicine cabinet, prowls til he finds a jar of Vaseline. He pops the top, scoops out a huge greasy chunk and slops it on his head. Round and round he smears.

EXT. DAVE'S SHACK - DAY

Dave fast-walks into the afternoon, his head a slick, streaky helmet of funny and almost stylish dark brown goo.

We now see the environment: His house, offset from a larger duplex, is little more than a shed. A couple tiny windows are set near the roof, ugly power and phone lines string wild, the backyard is a barren patch, furrowed and weedy. A driveway extends from the street. Near the head of the driveway sits an old half-ton delivery truck, tires flat and windows broken. A fat, rusty padlock holds its cargo doors.

His neighborhood is a cluster of awful single story apartments mixed with curious little shoebox houses, most with dirt roads surrounding. And, the neighborhood is directly at the end of the main runway for Nellis Air Force Base. Only a cyclone fence separates the runway from the residential road.

From this runaway, a couple A-10 Warthog warplanes scream to takeoff in the sky immediately above. Dave pays no attention, turns a corner in time to see his Las Vegas RTC bus pull away, on Nellis Boulevard. Dave bolts, pulls an Indiana Jones, grabs the back of the bus. He's on for a sec, then falls, rolls to a heap.

The bus suddenly stops. Dave gets up, dusts off, fingers a huge road burn in his nice white shirt.

INT./EXT. BUS - DAY - SEMI-QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS

Following Dave's Las Vegas RTC bus to its destination.

Nellis F-22 Raptors take to the sky, engines bursting eardrums. Bus continues, we experience trailer courts and biker bars.

Continue with the bus through various bits of Northtown: Local casinos (Silver Nugget), Rancho High School, and so on. As the bus passes actual PEOPLE, they all wear heavy sweaters, down jackets, toques, and leather. Winter in Sin City...but there's always the one shithead in shorts and a T-shirt, and there HE is.

Later we're in the new and improved Downtown Las Vegas, where Dave does a bus transfer. Follow his moving bus past The Sperry Charleston building to the Fabulous Las Vegas Strip.

Bus moves further into The Strip's crazed architectural menagerie. TOURISTS crawl. The bus stops; Dave exits in front of the one and only Caesars Palace.

INT. CAESARS FRONT DESK AREA

Dave crosses the dazzling foyer. We SEE he's patched his shirt-burn with three rows of Band-Aids. At a hotel courtesy mailbox, Dave drops the letter he wrote.

INT. CAESARS EMPLOYEE CORRIDORS

Dave hurries through crowds of employees: Bartenders, cocktailers, dealers, maids. All appear downtrodden, bored.

INT. CAESARS TIME OFFICE

Dave hands a chubby FEMALE TIMEKEEPER his ID.

TIMEKEEPER
New hair?

DAVE
Yeah. No.

INT. CAESARS BACCHANAL BUFFET - LATE AFTERNOON

Dave busts-ass clearing dirty dishes. Yeah, Dave's a bus boy. His name tag says, "Hi, I'm DAVE from HAWAII".

INT. DISH ROOM

Dave unloads a tourist's half-finished meal as an UGLY DUDE, 27, approaches, he too in bus boy garb.

Behold "Christmas Weasel". His name tag says "...Guido from WASHINGTON, D.C." He's got serious complexion troubles, his hair is a wiry shock of hideousness. He's taller than Dave.

WEASEL
Whoa! Love that fuckin' hair!

DAVE
I was late, man.

WEASEL
Hey, I was late, too, but my hair's cool.

DAVE
Yeah, man, whatever you say.

WEASEL
Hey! Wanna get stoned?

DAVE
I'm 2 to 10 tonight.

WEASEL
Great. But do you wanna get stoned?

Dave gets it, raises a brow.

INT. CAESARS ABSINTHE THEATRE - LATER

The Cirque show "Absinthe" does with the raunchy art.

INT. ABSINTHE THEATRE (RAFTERS)

Dave and Christmas Weasel sit legs-dangling on a catwalk above the spectacular Absinthe stage. They pass a smoky brass Proto Pipe back and forth.

WEASEL
Man, I can't wait for that new horror thing to come out.

DAVE
Wait...SIX-X with the French chick? Not horror. Supernatural romance thriller.

WEASEL
Whatever, bitch. I hear it's pretty fuckin' bad-ass. They shot on film, too. None of that fuckin' digital.

DAVE
Yeah. It was Janusz Kamiński.

WEASEL
Who the fuck is that?
(beat)
Good smoke, huh? Kinda lost a little of the ol' mystique. All legal now, and shit. My fuckin' mom's even smokin'.

DAVE
Yeah. Still not as good as my home grown, though.

WEASEL
What?

DAVE
Yeah, man, I'm growin' reefer in the backyard, now. You didn't know?

WEASEL
You're fulla shit, man...
(inhales, holds breath)
...that ain't nothin' but dirt and weeds back there.

DAVE
No, man, I moved. I'm livin' with Parker, over in Henderson. He's got a huge hydroponics setup.

WEASEL
The fuck you talkin' about?

DAVE
(backing off)
Well...I'm *supposed* to move in with Parker in a week or two.

WEASEL
Dude, you're the lie-tellingest motherfucker I ever met. Parker don't want you around. When you gonna figure that out?

DAVE
No way. Me and Parker are tight.

WEASEL
In your dreams, dude. Shit, he loves you so much, why ain't you still workin' with him?

DAVE
Conflict of interest.

WEASEL
You're just sayin' that because it sounds all official, and shit. Fuckin' meaningless.

DAVE
(ignoring)
Good weed.

Weasel bows, gestures wide.

WEASEL
Expect nothing less from your host, the Christmas Weasel!

They do a "street-style" homeboy handshake, with fist-butt. There's a small noise. They look down:

A CHINESE JANITOR appears below them, in a hidden area backstage. He stealthily rolls a wheeled garbage can. As Dave and Weasel watch, the janitor looks about, sorts through his rubbish, pulls a wallet, ransacks it. He pockets the money, throws the actual wallet back in the garbage can.

He exits, trash can with him.

DAVE
Heavy duty.

INT. CAESARS EMPLOYEE CORRIDOR

Dave and Weasel walk back to their shifts. Near the buffet, a room service table sits loaded with tea lights, each of them lit. Dave grabs two of the small candles, dances around with them in front of his face. He puts his eye right up to the glass, looks at the flame with goofy expression.

WEASEL
Man, you gotta cool it.

A round, professional looking BUFFET HOSTESS, 49, appears. She's aghast at Dave's fire dance. Dave sees, immediately replaces the candle holders...but several fall and break.

HOSTESS
(Oklahoma)
Dave, can I talk to you?

Dave and the Hostess walk off. Weasel shakes his head, gets busy cleaning Dave's mess.

INT. HOSTESS' OFFICE

Blaring florescent light, beige walls. The Hostess and Dave are seated, she behind an industrial desk, scribbling on a form. All is silent as Dave sits nervously waiting.

HOSTESS
Dave, I have to let you go. I'm sorry, but you've been warned over and over about tardiness, breaking things, being late...

DAVE
Being tardy and being late are the same thing.

HOSTESS
Pardon?

DAVE
You just said I was tardy, and that I was late, too. They're the same.

The hostess stares at him, zero expression. She pushes the dismissal form forward. Dave reaches for the pen.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Well, they are.

EXT./INT. CITY BUS - NIGHT

The Las Vegas Strip fades to residential areas.

A glum Dave is here on the bus, sitting behind the driver. Nearby is an attractive GIRL, 21, warmly dressed, textbooks in hand. Dave stares at her. She senses, looks away. Dave smiles hard, waits for her to look. She does, gives Dave a polite grin. Dave looks around, stands, walks to her.

DAVE
Hey. How's it goin'?

GIRL
(uncomfortable)
Hey.

DAVE
Wanna party?

GIRL
What?

EXT. BUSY INTERSECTION

A fucked-up 70s Trans Am darts into opposing traffic. The bus swerves hard to avoid.

INT. CITY BUS

The bus driver locks the brakes. Dave flies forward, slams full-body into the bus windshield. It's safety glass, so Dave just bounces off. Hard. The bus stops, all doors open. The DRIVER--an older black gentleman--quickly attends a dazed Dave, who's now showing a bloody forehead.

DRIVER
Lord A'mighty!

Dave gets up, walks/stumbles off the bus.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Hey, wait a minute, man! You gotta fix that head!

INT. MINIMART - NIGHT

Dave enters, forehead still bloodied. He pulls a couple bucks from his pockets, walks to the register ATTENDANT.

DAVE
Thunderbird.

The attendant attends. In the meantime, Dave catches sight of a guy at the beer coolers, a tall lean black dude, PARKER, 24. He's got a short tight afro, wears truly cool biker leather. He's texting via iPhone.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(elated)
Parker!

Parker turns, sees Dave. Parker's less than thrilled.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(bubbly, excited)
Hey, man! Wanna party?!

Parker has a look of intelligence and sophistication, even with his Metallica T-shirt.

PARKER
(no accent)
What happened to you, man?

DAVE
Oh, man, the bus hit a semi and then drove right into a wall! I fuckin' went right through the windshield!

PARKER
Oh? You look pretty unscathed for all that. What's up with the hair?

DAVE
I was late for work. I'm at Caesars, now.

PARKER
I heard. How is that job, anyway?

DAVE
Supposed to get promoted next week.

The attendant returns with a bottle of Thunderbird.

PARKER
Mm. That fast, huh?

DAVE
So, hey: You still sellin' meth?

The attendant's brows raise.

PARKER
(chuckles)
Mellow out, dude.

DAVE
Don't worry about him. Come over to my place, man: We'll jam some tunes and smoke a bowl.

PARKER
Nah, man, not tonight. I got this thing I gotta do.

DAVE
Okay. So...tomorrow?

PARKER
Yeah, gimme a call, or whatever.

Dave grabs his Thunderbird, now in a brown paper bag.

DAVE
Alright, man. And call me back this time!

He gives Parker a quick ”homeboy” handshake with much warmth. Parker tries not to laugh. Dave leaves the minimart. Parker watches, shakes his head with amused disgust. Parker then looks at the attendant, they both laugh.

PARKER
Fifth of Jack. The flat one.

ATTENDANT
Sure.

The attendant turns. As he does, Parker reaches into his leather, pulls a .22 caliber handgun. With completely cold, calm composure, Parker rapidly fires four shots into the attendant. We do not see the bullets hit the attendant, but we hear his groan as he falls heavy to the floor. Parker casually moves to the cash register, raids the drawer, pulls money as he looks around to ensure he’s not been seen.

INT. DAVE’S SHACK - MORNING

Dave’s nude, asleep in his recliner, wadded Kleenex and his half-empty Thunderbird bottle beside. The HDTV has a Spanish channel broadcast.

Dave’s hair is chaos. The roar of multiple jet engines gets louder, louder, louder. He wakes with a start.

INT. DAVE’S TINY KITCHEN - LATER

Still nude, Dave pours himself a cup o’hot java, sips. He scrapes pennies off the counter and into a Sparklett’s bottle nearby, which is about full with various coins. He walks to the living room, a soundless broadcast of home-shopping nonsense is on the HD.

Dave moves to his desk, takes notepad in hand. He writes.

DAVE (V.O.)
Who am I? Nobody knows. If I knew, I’d know.
(aloud)
Fuckin’ stupid.

He scratches the line, throws the paper away. He starts again, on a fresh page.

DAVE (V.O.)
I don’t really like being alive. There’s really nothing I should be here for. I’m like a ghost town. I’m not a mountain.

Dave watches the shadow from an outside tree branch as it vibrates from the wind. He writes again.

DAVE (V.O.)
Am I a liar like Weasel said? Why am I scared all the time? Maybe people would like me if I died. But then it would be too late. For who? For me. I would want Judas Priest to play at my funeral. Screaming for Vengeance. That would be cool. Okay, bye.

Dave stops, grabs an envelope, applies the HAND CANCEL mark. As before, it's pre-addressed to someone. Suddenly, he remembers something. He stands with coffee cup, walks all of six feet to his back door. A trio of F-22's make way through the skies as he peeks out.

EXT. DAVE'S "GARDEN" - MORNING

Dave walks nude to the far corner of his furrows, coffee cup in hand. Here he finds an ordered series of smallish Cannabis plants, growing strong. Dave bends to examine the little hemp sprouts, lovingly fingers their leaves.

In pain, he suddenly grabs his lower gut.

DAVE
(rapidly)
Whoa-hey, Whoa-hey!

He puts his coffee cup down, grasps his belly. Cramped-over, he shambles for his back door. He stops, tries to judge whether he can make it to the shitter from here. His guts and grimace say, "No". So, he squats-down, lets his noisy colon fly. Instant, orgasmic relief washes over.

INT. DAVE'S SHACK

Dave enters through the back door, coffee cup in hand. Curiously, his right hand is now covered with dirt. Dave turns, is heavily startled by a BIG WHITE DUDE sitting in his recliner. The guy watches TV with unbroken eye-line.

SCOTTI
(eloquent)
You wrote a letter to yourself.

DAVE
Man, Scotti, what the fuck?! You just let yourself in?!

SCOTTI
You didn't answer, Dave.

Scotti is really big, 26-ish, Germanic/Scand-looking. He's got a close-cropped do, defined muscles, a no-bullshit jaw.

DAVE
You coulda just come back!

Dave walks to his desk, grabs his letter. He checks to see if Scotti opened it. He didn't.

SCOTTI
Why are you writing letters to yourself? It has the wrong zip code, by the way. The 89030 demarkation is several blocks from here. Used to be 89030 here, of course, but that was some time ago. At any rate, I'll be staying with you a few days. I haven't found a job as yet, and I can't deal with the mom and dad's place. Now that I'm 26, it's unseemly.

Dave wants to say no...but looks afraid to.

DAVE
Where'd all your money go, man?

Scotti never looks at Dave, and instead watches TV.

SCOTTI
You don't get rich in the Navy, Dave. And I seem to remember buying all the beer last week.

DAVE
Alright, man. Just be cool with the place, okay?

A tall, thin WHITE DUDE, 24, suddenly looms from the kitchenette. Dave just stares at this new guy.

SCOTTI
D'Zeemob will be staying with us, as well.

Dave's about to blow his top...but he dare not.

DAVE
Is he cool, man?

D'ZEEMOB
Huh?

SCOTTI
I'll keep an eye on him.

D'ZEEMOB
Hey, Dave! Mind if I eat your marshmallows?

Dave walks off to his bathroom, pissed.

SCOTTI
What's in that old delivery truck out front, Dave?

DAVE
I don't know. It was there before I got here.

SCOTTI
I think it may have been here for some time.

DAVE (O.S.)
I'm goin' to my gramma's place, so I won't be back til tonight.

SCOTTI
We'll try and keep busy.

There's a huge crash from the kitchenette. Dave emerges, looks at Scotti helplessly, then returns to the bathroom (O.S.) and slams the toilet lid several times.

EXT. UPPER MIDDLE-CLASS BOROUGH - DAY

SUPER: Henderson, aka "Green Valley" - Suburb of Las Vegas

Rows of sweet, nice, neat suburban homes. A bus pulls from a manicured corner. We see Dave, now cleaned-up, his hair normal (dry, wavy). He's in a decent set of not-quite-designer clothes.

Dave walks to a corner mailbox, drops his HAND CANCEL cargo, and then up the street he goes to a tidy red brick home with sprawling but empty driveway. He walks to the front door, knocks. He's antsy. No answer. He knocks again. Dave looks around, peeks in the living room window, bumping his head on the glass. He tries the front door, it's locked.

He checks atop the porchlight, produces a small hide-a-key. He removes the key, opens the door.

DAVE
Gramma?

INT. DAVE'S GRANDMA'S HOUSE

Dave enters the house. A cat with a bell on its collar scurries down a hallway. It stops to look back at Dave, then tinkles off.

DAVE
Hey there, Sassafras! Where's gramma?
(beat)
Fuckin' cats.

Dave checks around, scans the kitchen, the living room...

DAVE (CONT'D)
Sparky? C'mere, boy!

From around a corner comes a collared black male Labrador. He licks his chops.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Sparky! Where's Gramma? Did you poop someplace? Smells in here.

The dog looks at him, walks off down the hallway where Sassafras went. Dave follows, approaches his Grandmother's bedroom. Sparky steps out, growls with menace. The dog persists, angering Dave, who grabs a figurine off a shelf next to him, throws it, hits Sparky on the shoulder. The dog runs off.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Growl at *me*.

A different cat springs from the bedroom and runs down the hall. Dave shakes his head, turns, enters the bedroom.

INT. DAVE'S GRANDMA'S MASTER BEDROOM

Five cats dot the room. And on the bed is DAVE'S GRANDMOTHER. She's not under the covers, and looks to have simply lain back for a nap...from which she never got up.

That she's been dead for some time is obvious, seeing as how she's been partially devoured by her animal buddies: One of her thighs has been munched down to the femur itself, and her face shows partial skull with an empty eye socket.

Expressionless, Dave turns, walks to the kitchen, picks up the phone, dials 911.

DAVE
Hi. I need an ambulance.

INT. DAVE'S GRANDMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A few POLICE OFFICERS and CORONER FOLK move about the room. Dave sits with one of them, on a couch. He strokes Sassafras.

DAVE
I was here about six days ago. She seemed fine.

OFFICER
Yeah, probably a heart attack. That your Caddy in the garage?

DAVE
I wish. That was Grandpa's. He died a few months ago. Gramma hates it, but it was his, so.

OFFICER
Well, she ain't gotta worry about it now. Alright, that's about it.

DAVE
Really?

OFFICER
Well, yeah. Lest you killed her.

Another officer nearby chuckles. Dave has no expression. He strokes the cat and watches the police wrap affairs.

EXT. "THIRD WORLD" CLUB (YES, THAT'S REALLY ITS NAME) - NIGHT

On East Fremont, in the heart of restored Downtown Vegas.

INT. THIRD WORLD

A bar/nightclub with a video game motif. Amidst rows and rows of vintage quarter games, Dave plays a mean hand of Space Dungeon. He's sweaty, intense.

From around a pinball machine steps a ONE-ARMED MEXICAN, Perez Santos, 23. He's dressed to the nines, and almost looks cool with his one empty sleeve pinned-up.

PEREZ
Dave, man! Whass-happenin', bro?

DAVE
Perez! What the hell, man? Where you been?

PEREZ
Out in Philly, man, makin' deals, and shit. Did some time in LA, too.

DAVE
Serious?

PEREZ
Nah, just traffic bullshit.

DAVE
Cool, cool. Hey, you think you could front me some smoke?

PEREZ
Chale, vato! I'm outta that shit. Gonna be legal any day, now.

DAVE
So, you're done?

PEREZ
Hail, naw! Meth, baby. Crystal fuckin' meth.

DAVE
Like the TV show.

PEREZ
What? Fuck that! Shit's been around here for moons. Went away a while, but now? Choice deluxe.

DAVE
Well, it started back when that show came on, so.

PEREZ
Maybe so, maybe so. Hey, maybe I'll send the producers some flowers, or somethin'!

They do another homeboy-style handshake.

PEREZ (CONT'D)
You like crystal, homie?

DAVE
Man, fuck that! I'm the fuckin' crystal connoisseur!

PEREZ
You come see me then. You know where. So, what's new wit' you?

DAVE
My gramma just died.

PEREZ
Oh, man, too bad, dude.

DAVE
Tell me about it. She was layin' dead in the house for days. Fuckin' Goddamn cats ate her.

PEREZ
Whoa! You shittin' me? Well, they must got good taste!

Perez laughs out loud. Dave only stares.

PEREZ (CONT'D)
Too soon? Hey! Check you later huh?

Perez points a "You Got It!" index finger Dave's way, disappears into the arcade.

Two GIRLS, 19 and 20, watch Dave from a sit-down race game. They drape like stoles. One smokes a cig. The girls have various "safe" piercings, with modern era (i.e., mall-bought) colored streaks in their hair.

Dave has definitely noticed their reflection in his video screen. He turns, smiles stupidly, goes back to the game. When he's just about to the Space Dungeon goal, the two girls appear at his right and left.

GIRL #1
Heard you mention smoke. Got any?

DAVE
Nevada's a "zero-tolerance" state.

GIRL #1
Joking, right?

GIRL #2
(British; Estuary)
Can ya buy some for us?

DAVE
Wow, you're from England.

The girls giggle.

GIRL #2
Possibly. Well, can you?

DAVE
How'd you two get in here, anyway?

GIRL #1
Fake ID, luv. Well?

DAVE
Why me? Just use your fake ID.

GIRL #2
Well. You're alone. Kinda hot.
Reckon you're discreet.

DAVE
Discreet?

GIRL #2
Need a dictionary?

DAVE
Hell, yeah, I can do the smoke.
Long as I get a little.

The girls laugh at him, their tone and manner highly erotic.

GIRL #1
Took your time. So, how much?

DAVE
What you wanna spend?

GIRL #1
We could work that out...at your
place? Got a roomie?

DAVE
Um, nope. Jesus, how old are you
guys? Really?

GIRL #2
19 and 20. Really. Okay, got car?

DAVE
Well. It's in the shop.

GIRL #2
No problem, we've got one. Right, let's jet, shall we?

Dave turns, leaves with his two pals, who walk slightly ahead of him. His expression is one of restrained victory and amazing anticipation.

EXT. FREMONT STREET - NIGHT

Outside Third World, the trio move quickly down the street toward a beaten-up Volkswagen Minibus parked at the curb. It seems the girls are going for the van when they suddenly move to a new-ish yellow Porsche Carrera Cabriolet, convertible, parked behind the van. Girl #2 pulls some keys, throws them Dave's way. He's in wonder for a sec, but then ready.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THIRD WORLD

The yellow Porsche screams from its parking spot, top down.

EXT. VEGAS STREETS/STRIP - NIGHT

Dave and his duo cruise Sin City.

GIRL #2
Can you boost the heat, please? My nips are bloody concrete.

DAVE
(makes an adjustment)
So, whose dad owns the car?

GIRL #2
Mine.

DAVE
Cool. Can I use the phone?

GIRL #2
"Hands Free," darling.

DAVE
Can't I just pick it up?

Girl #1 points to an un-obvious holster where an iPhone sits. Dave picks-up, dials.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Scotti? Man, it's Dave. You gotta get outta there for awhile.
(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
Man, it's my place! Three or four hours. Yes, I'll fuckin' buy cereal, just--! Okay. Cool. Cool. Thanks.
(hangs up)
Hold on.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP

Outside the MGM Grand, Dave makes a left through three lanes of traffic. Other drivers brake to avoid.

EXT. DESERTED ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

All's quiet. The yellow Porsche is parked. As the girls wait, Dave approaches in the b.g., dangles a baggie from his fingers. Inside is a smallish brick of gold-colored hashish.

DAVE
The cähndy mähn arrives!

GIRL #2
(delighted)
Oh, you cunt! That's hash!

DAVE
Damned right it is.

GIRL #1
Kewl!

Dave enters the car, fumbles with the baggie.

GIRL #1 (CONT'D)
That's just totally sad, though, because we just totally changed our minds.

DAVE
What? Why?

They open their mouths and stick out tongues. On each is a tiny cardboard tab with a freaky cartoon character.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Acid?! Holy shit, where?!

The girls giggle and look at each other sexily. Girl #2 lays a big full-mouth kiss on Girl #1. Dave can't start the car fast enough. It burns away.

EXT. DAVE'S SHACK - NIGHT

The Porsche rolls into Dave's empty driveway. He and the girls quietly exit, with Dave acting a clown as he tiptoes toward the door, comically hunched and smiling ear-to-ear.

INT. DAVE'S SHACK

Black, then light from the doorway as Dave and his charges enter. Dave motions they stay put. He walks into darkness, checks around. He returns, beckons them, closes the door.

Girl #2 has her hand in front of her face. She moves it slowly back and forth.

DAVE
Trails, huh? Good fry.

GIRL #1
She always peaks before me.

They enter the living room, Dave cranks the Goldmund. Kurtis Blow's "Eight Million Stories" bumps away, and the girls react with a slinky, synchronous dance. Dave watches, nods his head and point-dances to Blow's rap. Girl #2 stops suddenly, has an odd look on her face.

GIRL #2
Where's the loo?

DAVE
The what?

GIRL #2
(fake US accent)
"Bathroom"?

Dave points, she goes. But she stops just before the bathroom entrance...

GIRL #2 (CONT'D)
It's a mine. A long, dark mine from which I shall never return.

Girl #2 continues on, disappears.

GIRL #1
How'd you get the scar, dude?

Dave goes self-conscious.

DAVE
Did you have to notice?

GIRL #1
I think it's sexy.

DAVE
Really?

Girl #1 makes a pipe-smoking motions with her hand.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Oh, right!

Dave gets up, looks for a pipe.

GIRL #1
Ever done it with two girls before?

Girl #1 has her purse open. We SEE a small baggie with more acid tabs.

DAVE
Lots of times.

GIRL #1
Lie!

Dave smiles dumbly.

Girl #2 returns to the living room, with a noticeable difference in appearance: She wears a ravaged look, glows with building dementia. She sits, stares forward, eyes widening. Dave and Girl #1 look at one-another, then...

GIRL #1 (CONT'D)
Don't go serious.

DAVE
Yeah, it's supposed to be fun. See?

Dave reaches into Girl #1's purse and grabs the acid baggie. He breaks a tab in a step-by-step idiotic comic routine.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Medicine.

He sticks a tab on his tongue, rubs his belly. Girl #2 is unaffected by Dave's goofy bullshit. She instead looks around as if she hears something.

GIRL #2
I'm...rather odd right now.

DAVE
Hold on, we'll join you!

In obvious pain, Girl #2 takes her head in her hands. Dave wrinkles his brow.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Maybe she's not doing so well?

GIRL #1
(to Girl #2)
Hey: What's up?

Girl #2 looks up, has tears in her eyes. She's red-lining.

GIRL #2
(paranoid)
We've got to hide!

DAVE
Did she do anything besides fry?

GIRL #1
Lithium. No big deal.

DAVE
Sounds like a fucked-up mix to me.

Girl #2 jumps up, bolts for her purse. She digs like a dog, then pulls a small, stainless steel snub-nosed .357 handgun.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Whoa-heeeey!

GIRL #1
The fuck?! Dude, stop that shit, now!

Girl #2 points the pistol randomly toward the roof. She's extremely pale and sweaty.

DAVE
Um, I think you need to control your friend?

GIRL #1
No fucking doubt.

Girl #2 suddenly fires at the roof.

DAVE
Jesus fuck!

Girl #1 gets up, walks toward Girl #2. Girl #1 extends her arm to Girl #2, opens her palm. Girl #1 wants the damned pistol, and she's not lookin' too happy about affairs. She waits, staring angrily at Girl #2.

GIRL #1
Well?

CRACK!

Girl #2 shoots Girl #1 straight through the forehead. The bullet exits the back of her head, blowing blood, brain, and skull all over Dave.

Girl #1 collapses, quite dead. Dave stares down at Girl #1's slightly twitching body, reflexively grabs his own bloody face, totally freaked-out.

DAVE
Fuck no! No way! Oh, fuck me, man! Oh, fuck me!

GIRL #2
She'll be fine.

DAVE
What? Fuck you, bitch! She's fucking dead!

Girl #2 has a flash of realization...but then it's gone. She fires a shot Dave's direction. It misses, ricochets. Dave runs to the bathroom.

INT. DAVE'S BATHROOM

Stupid move: There's no way out. He's trapped in the shower.

A few panicky beats, and then the front door slams O.S. WE HEAR the turnover whine of the Porsche's powerplant. There's a screech of tires, the car smokes down the street.

INT. DAVE'S LIVING ROOM

Dave exits the bathroom. He's alone now, the dead girl before him, her head centered in a slow-growing blood halo. Dave stares at her, covers his eyes.

He suddenly stands, possessed. He looks deep into the mirror above his Goldmund, at his blood-splattered face and chest.

DAVE
Man, I gotta fuckin' be mellow and just fuckin' take care of this shit before the fry kicks in. Okay?
(beat)
Okay. Let's do it.

INT./EXT. DAVE'S SHACK - NIGHT - QUICK SERIES - M.O.S.

A) Dave wraps Girl #1's body with old blankets.

B) Dave wraps the body and blankets with Hefty bags.

C) Dave uses duct tape to wrap the body bag.

D) Dave cuts and removes the bloody carpet, leaves a bare stone spot about three feet in circumference. Stained. He stares at the area for several beats.

E) Dave takes a deep bong hit.

F) Dave bags the bloody carpet section and puts it out to the trash.

G) Dave cleans himself of the blood and brains. Mostly.

H) Dave sits on the shitter, head in hands, pants around knees. He suddenly does a flying motion with his arms like a kid playing "airplane".

INT. DAVE'S SHACK - NIGHT

Dave paces, thinks hard. He's panicky and troubled. He looks in the mirror. He stops, decides something.

INT./EXT. DAVE'S SHACK - NIGHT

Dave rummages under the kitchen sink, pulls a pair of bolt-cutters. He stalks up to the back of the abandoned delivery truck in his backyard, defeats the cargo lock with the cutters. Dave opens the cargo bay door, finds it partly filled with clothes and old furniture.

INT. TRUCK'S CARGO BAY - NIGHT - LATER

Dave carries the wrapped-up Girl #1 into the truck, buries her under old Levi's and T-shirts. Satisfied, he sprinkles a bottle of cologne over the lump. He's dazzled by the droplets leaving the bottle. He SLO-MO captures a few in his hand.

The acid is coming.

Dave exits, latches the cargo door with an old rusty padlock, a bizarre look on his face all the while.

INT. DAVE’S SHACK - NIGHT - LATER

Dave rides the acid. He sits in his favorite chair, moving his hands to and fro in front of his face. He grabs a lighter, flicks it rapidly in front of each eye.

DAVE
Killer diller.

He looks around the shack, sees the hole in the rug. But the bare stone that was there before is now replaced by a wooden frame and darkness: A mine entrance. He stands, walks to the opening. A wind from the shaft gently blows his hair back.

DAVE’S POV: SHAFT

Perhaps 1000’ down is a pit of flaming lava. We HEAR the deep and frightening roar of a male voices, a capella.

BACK TO: Dave stepping away, rubbing his eyes. The shaft and voices are gone, the stained stone is back as before.

DAVE
Great fuckin’ fry.

INT. DAVE’S SHACK - NIGHT

Dave’s eyes are wild. He unsleeves a Blu-ray from his collection, plops the platter into the Goldmund. Dave fast-forwards the disc, takes us to the widescreen glory of the Stanley Kubrick classic 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY. Dave trips hard, fast-forwarding through various shots: Moon Watcher, the Monolith’s arrival, HAL 9000’s eye, the voyage through the Jupiter Stargate...

...and it’s here that Dave really goes for a journey, as the multicolored display drives him to silent mania.

INT. 2001 END SEQUENCE (WHITE HOTEL ROOM) - DAY(?)

Dave sits in his favorite recliner, right in the middle of Kubrick’s history-making setpiece. Dave looks around. Yes, he’s definitely in the scene, to the last detail...including the Monolith.

Dave stands, moves to the Monolith, reaches to touch it.

EXT. NORTHTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

In heavy winter duds, a group of ROLLING 60's CRIPS GANG-BANGERS talk near the front of a broke down tenement. Their breath frosts from the cold.

As they pass Olde English 40's, we hear something O.S.

DAVE (O.S.)
I see God! I see God!

Dave suddenly rushes through and past the Bangers. The Bangers look at each other, dumbfounded. Then they laugh, AD LIB some trash talk.

EXT. NELLIS AIR FORCE BASE TARMAC - DAWN

Dave's asleep on the Nellis Runway, bloody marks across his face, his shirt and pants ripped. In the not too distant b.g., we SEE a squadron of A-10 fighters awaiting takeoff. Other warplanes wait behind them, in a military aviation traffic jam.

Shadows cross Dave's face. His eyes flutter, he's yanked violently to his feet.

INT. SECURITY CO'S OFFICE - MORNING

A hardened black male FULL-BIRD COLONEL, 52, stares at Dave's driver's license. Three SECURITY FORCE OFFICERS (Air Force version of MPs) stand near.

COLONEL
I see you live across the street. Looks like you might'a climbed a little razor wire. Musta been good dope.
(beat)
Listen: I don't give a shit. And I ain't wastin' paperwork on a trespass. But I catch you on my flightline again, I'm gonna strap your balls to one of these birds and drop you in Hiko. Comprende? Get him outta my sight.

EXT. NELLIS WEST GATE - DAY

The SF's escort Dave out the gate, watch carefully as he walks south toward his shack.

EXT. DAVE'S SHACK - DAY

The roar of jet engines drown Dave as he walks up his driveway. He stops, backtracks to the mailbox, where he finds a couple junk catalogues and a letter marked HAND CANCEL. The same letter as before. He mailed it to himself.

INT. DAVE'S SHACK - DAY

He opens the door as an electronic phone rings O.S. Dave runs for the phone, grabs it.

DAVE
Hello!

VOICE (V.O.)
Mr. Dave Marino, please.

DAVE
Who's this?

VOICE (V.O.)
This is Jefferey H. Young, I'm an attorney with Fuller--

Dave immediately hangs up, stares at the phone, panicked. He rushes to his front door: The delivery truck is just as he left it, rusty lock secure.

The phone again. Dave walks to it, examines it fearfully. On the fourth ring he picks up, says nothing. And then...

DAVE
Yeah? Yeah. Okay. Okay. Hm. Oh? When? Okay. Okay, sure. Okay, bye.

INT. REFINED OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Cherrywood furnishings. A large desk is JEFFEREY H. YOUNG, ESQ., 48, an immaculate gentleman. Windows behind him deliver a view of Downtown Las Vegas.

In lengthening shadows of afternoon, Dave and Young talk. Dave's cleaned-up now, his facial scratches covered. He wears a short-sleeved shirt with out-of-date tie.

YOUNG
Dave, your grandmother left a nice portfolio: Stocks, her Las Vegas home, two cars, some real estate in Orange County...nothing major, but a couple nice parcels.

DAVE
She wrote me out, didn't she?

YOUNG
Well, it breaks like this: Since her only living relatives were yourself and your sister, the estate is split amongst you. But I'm afraid the entire stock portfolio was willed to Janie Greenspun's *Animal Foundation*.

DAVE
(pissed)
Great. Great.

YOUNG
Relax. You should meet Janie sometime. She's amazing. Anyway, the '87 Volvo goes to your sis. The other car, a, um...2027 Cadillac CT5-V Blackwing sport sedan, and all the rest...it's yours, Dave. All of it. House, belongings, your grandfather's extensive automotive garage, the property near Laguna...yours. You'll be able to take possession of the house and car immediately. The rest will take a while, but——

DAVE
I don't believe it. I mean, why didn't she help me before? Why all this now?

YOUNG
She loved you, Dave. You were her favorite, believe it or not. But, let's be frank, here: She was also afraid of you. The people you hang around, and so on. She didn't want it under her roof. You can understand that, can't you?
(Dave shrugs)
Your parents' passings were absolutely devastating to her, Dave. She knew it affected you the worst. She tried not to judge. Here's the proof. Use her gifts wisely. Please. For her.

DAVE
I will, sir. No doubt. No doubt.

INT. DAVE'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The 1982 Scorpions track "Now!" blasts over while a hundred screaming partiers set the night ablaze. Kegs sit on the living room carpet, a contrast to the old-fashioned decor.

Assorted Northtown BAD-ASSES drink from booze bottles. Racially, the crowd runs the spectrum. People also smoke doobies as they move through the house. An open bathroom door reveals Christmas Weasel doing a line of...something.

Dave is in the kitchen. He dances like a fool, a couple STONER BABES around him. One-armed Perez Santos hands Dave a macabre cannabis pipe: The bowl is held in the preserved claw of a chicken. Dave lights the reefer, puffs hard.

PEREZ
Fuckin' great, esé!

DAVE
(holding breath)
Killer. Hey, I tried to page Parker, but he never called back.

PEREZ
Page? You livin' in '85, bro? Just text the dude!

DAVE
Whatever. He still never called.

PEREZ
Right. Listen man, I wanna talk to you. Private.

Dave motions Perez forward, and out they go.

EXT. DAVE'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE

Perez and Dave walk outside, past the pool where some STONERS drink and talk.

DAVE
You guys good?

STONER #1
Cool!

DAVE
Right on.

INT. GRANDPA'S GARAGE

Dave hits a switch, fluorescent bulbs light in sequence. They've entered a positively flawless home garage, complete with cherry-picker, grease pit, hydraulic lift, pro tools.

PEREZ
Fuckin' paradise, homes!

DAVE
Yeah, man, I'm gonna buy a fuckin' '57 Chevy and turn it into a bad-assed street rod with this shit.

He and Perez do a "homeboy" handshake.

PEREZ
You hit it big, man. But you can do it bigger.

DAVE
How?

PEREZ
Well first of all, pendejo, you can't have no more parties.

DAVE
What?! Why?

PEREZ
Think! This ain't the 0-3-0, dude. This is a high-classed neighborhood! You're attracting attention, and shit. Cops don't fuck around this side of town.

DAVE
Yeah. So, what else?

PEREZ
You and me...we're gonna do business together. It's fuckin' perfect, puto. Perfect.

DAVE
Perfect, how?

PEREZ
This house! You let me...us...use the place, and I give you a piece of the action.

DAVE
Fuck you talkin' about?

PEREZ
Meth, man, like I told your dumb ass before!

DAVE
Right, like the TV show.

PEREZ
Dude, lose that TV show bullshit! This the real thing, bro. I'm hooked with dudes who got a lock on the goods all around here, and Utah, too. But the boys always have to run labs in shitty neighborhoods: Fuckin' trailer parks, an' shit, motel rooms, dudes ridin' bicycles to and from, an' shit. Fuckin' cop-magnets, esé.

DAVE
Well, so?

PEREZ
Well, so, the cops ain't never gonna suspect this place. Never.

DAVE
(lulled)
True. Could work. Maybe.

PEREZ
How many bedrooms?

DAVE
Four.

PEREZ
Okay: Serious fuckin' labs in two of 'em, one for the workers, and, uh, one for you.

DAVE
I can see it. Yeah, maybe. But nobody deals outta the house, man.

PEREZ
What, are you stupid? Course not.

DAVE
Cool. I want at least two percent of everything, too. All of it.

PEREZ
(crafty)
Tell you what. I'll be extra generous. Four percent.

They do a homeboy handshake.

DAVE
Lemme think about it. I love you, man.

PEREZ
Love you too, pendejo. Fuckin' love you too.

EXT. FRONT OF GRANDMA'S HOUSE

A nice blue MINI Cooper pulls to the curb outside the house. Jacked-up Camaros, El Caminos, old Monte Carlos, and superbikes otherwise line the street. From the Cooper steps KATHY, 32, blonde, tall, slightly chunky, well-dressed. She surveys the house with a disgusted eye, walks quickly to the front door.

INT. DAVE'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE

Kathy walks through the front door, mortified. She shakes her head, gathers empty beer cans from the floor. She then walks through the drunken crowd and toward the kitchen. STONER #2 intercepts her.

STONER #2
Goin' my way?

KATHY
Get a job, asshole.

STONER #2
This *is* my job. I think.

She walks on, enters the kitchen, sickened by the sight of stoners making-out, drinking, and, of course, getting stoned. Kathy tosses the beer cans, pulls a dirty dish towel from under a necking couple.

KATHY
Excuse me!

She starts the hard-hard task of cleaning the kitchen as Dave enters with Perez.

DAVE
Kathy!! What the--?!

KATHY
You pathetic little screw-up. Are you crazy?! Don't you have any respect?!

DAVE
Hah! You're just pissed because all you got was the Volvo.

KATHY
Some of us don't need other people's assets, David.

PEREZ
Whoa! "Assets!"

DAVE
Yeah, you just married a rich Mormon and sucked him dry.

KATHY
David, I want you to clean this place up, now. And get these... people out of here.

DAVE
Who are you, bitch? This is my house now. "Dave's Castle". "Casa del Dave". Got it?! Go the fuck back to Overton. Just go!

PEREZ
You live all the way out in Overton? You're Mormon, alright.

KATHY
(strangely civil)
No, I haven't converted just yet, but the study is quite enriching.
(back to Dave)
David, listen to me.

Dave slams his half-empty beer on the floor.

DAVE
Fuck you, Kathy! Fuck you! You always got everything, man!

KATHY
Untrue joke, David. I was there for you all the time.

DAVE
No way! You lie! But now it's all mine, bitch! Mine! So get the fuck outta here before I fuckin' bust your head! Get the fuck out, now!

Kathy isn't scared...but she is cautious.

KATHY
The darling grandson. Still know a few sketchy people myself, David. Born and raised in Northtown, too.

DAVE
What? Is that a fuckin' threat?!

KATHY
No, David. Just saying I'm not impressed. Not at all.
(exits)
Back later for the Volvo. Dumbass.

Dave is in a transitory emotional state. A few beats as he stares into space.

PEREZ
Okay, then! Let's party!

DAVE
No, man. I'm goin' t'bed.

Dave grabs an empty trash can, walks to the living room door.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Alright everybody, party's over.

A lot of AD LIBed "Awwwws".

DAVE (CONT'D)
Everybody c'mon and leave their shit with me. C'mon!

Partiers file out, drop their bottles and cans into Dave's trash container. Perez watches from afar, looks somewhat sinister in doing.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - DAY

Lightning bolts attack a seriously overcast sky. There's no traffic at all.

Heavy fog rolls across the pavement.

Sitting out in the middle of the Spring Mountain/Las Vegas Boulevard intersection (in front of Wynn) is Dave, playing a lone slot machine, expressionless.

A trio of F-22 fighter planes float from the sky, touch down impossibly——and Harrier-like——behind him. Dave doesn't notice, and instead turns as a COCKTAIL WAITRESS with no face brings him a tall glass of something luminous green. The glass is stocked with several fancy umbrellas, stir sticks, various fruits and olives. And black ice cubes.

Dave reaches for the glass. The slot machine's reel stops, the center payline is totally blank. Dave looks to the waitress, instead sees the delivery truck from his backyard. It's approaching, flat tires and all, but with no driver.

The truck turns sharp, banks, flips on its side. The back cargo bay opens up, and Girl #1's garbage bag-wrapped body spins toward Dave, stops. A face peeks from the plastic. It's Perez Santos.

PEREZ
May I take your order, please?

The faceless waitress suddenly re-appears, this time holding a snub-nosed handgun. She shoots Dave in the eye.

INT. DARK BEDROOM

Dave springs from bed, sweat pouring, breath labored. He clutches his heart.

DAVE
Fuck! Fuckin' shit! Aw, fuck.

EXT./INT. DAVE'S SHACK - DAY

A black, deep space metallic 2027 Cadillac CT5-V Blackwing sedan pulls into the driveway, Dave at the wheel. He exits, looks toward the delivery truck: The lock's still secure.

Dave checks the mailbox. Nothing. Walking toward his place, he fumbles with his keys...and sees the front door ajar! He dashes into his shack, finds Scotti and D'Zeemob watching TV and eating bowls of cereal.

SCOTTI
(doesn't look from TV)
What happened to the carpet? And why is the floor stained?

DAVE
Fuck, man, I thought you were tryin'-a rip me off!

D'ZEEMOB
Ain't nobody trying to rip you off.

SCOTTI
He meant he thought we could possibly have been burglars, or similar, since you likely——and once again, if so——left the door unlocked.

D'ZEEMOB
Oh. Cool!

Scotti still hasn't looked away from the TV. On the screen, we SEE a local newscast. The ANCHOR talks in monotone.

ANCHOR
Police are investigating the death of a prominent Las Vegas teen. Caron Miranda was killed two nights ago when the late model Porsche she was driving left the road at a high rate of speed near Hoover Dam.

Dave petrifies. On the screen is a mangled yellow Porsche.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)
Police say drugs may have been a factor. As you may know, Caron Miranda is the daughter of city councilwoman Jena Miranda...

D'ZEEMOB
Fuckin'-A.

SCOTTI
Yes, she was quite attractive.

Dave's lips tighten. He shakes it all off.

DAVE
Anyway, listen: My gramma left me the house, so I'm outta here.

SCOTTI
No, you're not. We need a place to stay.

DAVE
Dude, there's no way——

SCOTTI
(never looks from TV)
Feel free to vacate the premises. It might be better if you did, frankly. But, you will continue to forward a monthly payment to the landlord, until such time as D'Zeemob and I decide to break from routine and find jobs.

D'ZEEMOB
Fuckin'-A right.

SCOTTI
It's very inconvenient that you want to move right now, Dave.

Long pause as Scotti studies the TV.

SCOTTI (CONT'D)
Therefore, you will not.

Dave reckons the ordeal. He's red-faced with anger and indignation. But from a deeper well comes fear. And dread.

DAVE
Okay, man. Just get jobs as soon as you can. And don't fuckin' trash the place. And be cool with the stereo!

SCOTTI
Certainly.

D'ZEEMOB
(motions to TV)
Hey, you ever gonna get a Wii for this thing?

EXT. DAVE'S SHACK DRIVEWAY - DAY

Dave leaves his shack, stops, eyes the delivery truck. He stares for a beat, gets in his Caddy. He sits for a minute with his head in his hands. He then pulls the sun visor down, stares into the lighted mirror.

DAVE
Okay, man, you're gonna fucking forget that shit ever happened the other night. It's over. It was not your fucking fault. They're both dead, there's nothing you can do.
(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
And nobody knows anything, so forget it now, asshole.
(dials iPhone)
Perez! Meet me up at Crystal Palace in an hour. We gotta talk. No, just be there, man!

He turns-over the Blackwing, burns from the driveway.

INT. CRYSTAL PALACE ROLLER RINK - AFTERNOON

Lots of TEENIE-BOPS skating and having a grand ole time. A blur moves through them. It's Dave, hauling around the rink, possessed. He's a damned good skater actually, with a fancy set of wheels on his feet.

Perez Santos walks to the observation area, checks the sight of Dave against the kiddies. He shakes his head, laughs. He then whistles a gang-banger birdcall to Dave. Dave hears, sees Perez, takes one more loop. He almost flies off the rink, doing a skid-stop in front of the observation area. He clink-walks to Perez.

DAVE
You want a drink?

PEREZ
Yeah, man, think I'll have me a sodie-pop.

DAVE
Fuck you!

They shake hands, homeboy style.

PEREZ
So, what's up?

DAVE
I wanna do this lab thing.

Perez looks around, ensuring no one hears.

PEREZ
Well, yeah, man, soon as you're ready.

DAVE
Oh, I'm ready. I need the cash.

PEREZ
Chale!

DAVE
Hey, I only got four grand in actual cash. They won't gimme the rest til I'm thirty.

PEREZ
What?! Okay, well, maybe we should go and talk to my boys right now.

DAVE
Cool. Buy me a coffee.

EXT. VEGAS FREEWAYS - DUSK

Dave's CT5-V zips down Highway 95, past the Sunset Station Casino. A road sign reads HENDERSON/LAKE MEAD OFF RAMP.

INT. DAVE'S SEDAN

Dave and Perez jam to Ozzy's "War Pigs" (off his "Speak of the Devil" album).

PEREZ
Pull down Water Street. Yeah, that's it.

EXT./INT. SEDAN - OLD HENDERSON - NIGHT

SUPER: Old Henderson

The Cadillac sedan pulls to the curb before a row of suburban shitboxes, all with chain link and big dogs. Perez gets out, talks to Dave through the window.

PEREZ
Hate this side o'town. Wait here, man. Lemme go make sure it's cool.

Perez walks off, looks around suspiciously. Dave watches in the rear view as Perez goes all the way down the block, turns a corner, disappears.

Dave relaxes. The dash clock says 7:14 PM. Dave picks up the phone, dials. He waits.

VOICE (V.O.)
Enter the number to be displayed, followed by the pound sign.

There's a beep, Dave punches eight digits.

DAVE
Answer the fuckin' page, Parker.

Dave hangs up, sits back in his seat, closes his eyes.

INT. CADDY - LATER

Dave, sitting, waiting. He checks his phone, nothing. The dash clock says 8:37 PM.

INT. CADDY - LATER

Dave wears his iPhone's AirPods. He's jamming to something, but is merely trying: His boredom and impatience is obvious.

Dash clock says 11:01 PM.

INT. CADDY - LATER

Dave, asleep in the seat. A couple beats, then he opens his eyes, looks around. The neighborhood is quiet. The dash clock now reads 1:11 AM. He checks the rearview...and sees Perez walking toward him. Perez arrives, enters the Caddy.

PEREZ
Sorry, esé.

DAVE
Man, what the fuck? You guys are gonna use my house! Who are you to leave me in the fuckin' car for...
(counts on his fingers)
...six fuckin' hours?!

PEREZ
Yeah, that sucks. How 'bout a little combination prize?

Perez whips-out a brown paper bag, folded over.

DAVE
Consolation.

PEREZ
Whatever.

Dave reaches for the bag, weighs it in his hand.

DAVE
Hash?

PEREZ
Chale, homes!

Dave opens the bag, pulls a small stack of hundreds. Wow.

PEREZ (CONT'D)
Ten grand, dude. Lil' advance on the first month.

DAVE
Holy shit!!

PEREZ
Now go out and buy yourself some fly-assed clothes tomorrow. And after that, swing by your Grandma's place. We'll meet at one ayem.

DAVE
One in the morning?!

PEREZ
Hey, I don't set the hours. I just count the fuckin' money.

They do a homeboy handshake. Dave turns-over the Cadillac.

DAVE
Naugles.

PEREZ
Macho Burritos, esé. Word.

They screech into the night.

EXT. DAVE'S SHACK - NIGHT

No sound, save for an eerie wind through Oleanders. From Dave's shack comes Scotti, smoking a bong and wearing a straw hat. He walks to the driveway, hoots the bowl, blows smoke. He hears something...a rattle from the delivery truck.

SCOTTI
What might that be?

He walks to the back of the dead truck, examines the cargo doors: Padlock is gone. He opens the doors, looks to darkness within: There's a definite shuffling sound, way in the front. He recoils as a waft of something foul hits him.

SCOTTI (CONT'D)
Oh, that's bad.

He investigates by flicking his lighter. The flame reveals the truck as empty, save for blankets toward the front. The blankets move. Scotti approaches, hears a female moan. Scotti's light falls on the blankets: It's Dave and his sister Kathy, hotly into some brother-sister stuff.

Scotti laughs. Dave and Kathy turn toward him. Scotti pours bong water all over the pair, laughs heartily. The lovebirds just lay there, black and sooty liquid paints their faces.

Kathy stabs Dave under the chin with a rusty pocket knife.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Dave wakes with a start, takes a few beats to shake the dream off. He looks around, then looks under his bed. He laughs, springs from the sack, dances naked down the hall.

INT. KITCHEN

Nude, Dave trots into the kitchen, begins the coffee fixins.

DAVE
Yes yes! Today I'm going shop-PING!

EXT. FASHION SHOW MALL - DAY

Dead center of the Las Vegas Strip——and across from Wynn——is the colossal canopy of Jim Cameron-style modern art that is The Fashion Show Mall.

INT. FASHION SHOW MALL - MONTAGE

A) Dave in Saks, scoping-out duds.

B) Dave in a dressing room, checking the lines of a Mila Schön tie against his bare chest.

C) Dave in Neiman's kitchen accessories area, pondering the use of a silver-plated tureen.

D) Dave scarfing coffee and pastries from Nordstrom.

E) Dave in the Apple Store, lost trying an iPad.

F) Dave in a hat shoppe putting on an "Indiana Jones" fedora and faking whip blows in the mirror.

G) Dave buying an awesome leather full-length trench coat from Louis Vuitton. Like he needs one.

H) Dave in the Neiman's Chanel section admiring a pair of ultra high fashion fall outfits cut superb, one of them purest white, the other midnight black.

I) Dave in the underground valet. The CT5 arrives, he and the VALET stash packages. Dave tips the guy a 20-spot.

END OF MONTAGE.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM (GRAMMA'S HOUSE) - NIGHT

Boxes and bags everywhere. The leather trench hangs in view.

A Calvin thong-wearing Dave is in front of the mirror, getting a charge off the Hilfiger socks he just bought. His bizarre buttock scars look exceptionally distinct in the limited light, like severely raised/inverted tribal ink.

On the dresser before Dave sits the old fashioned silver skeleton key from a couple days ago. Dave grabs it, stashes it in the pants pocket of some new Versace jeans. The phone rings. He looks around, grabs the house cordless.

DAVE
Yeah?

KATHY (V.O.)
Back, huh?

DAVE
Keepin' tabs?

KATHY (V.O.)
Somebody needs to.

Dave calmly turns the phone off, stares at it in his hand. It rings again, he picks it up.

KATHY (V.O.)
Hanging up won't help.

DAVE
What. Do. You want.

KATHY (V.O.)
David, listen to me: You're gonna wind up blowing everything. Let me help get you organized and situated. We have an accountant——

DAVE
Listen, bitch, you're just pissed because gramma was the only one in the whole fucking fucked-up family that ever gave a fuck about what happened to me. So fuck you and fuck your accountant, too.

KATHY
Wow, that was...four fucks in eight seconds.

DAVE
No, it was five.

KATHY
Still a miserable little dumbass, David. Like always.

DAVE
Maybe so. But I've got all the money and houses and stuff now, Cunn-a-Ling. So go suck the swimmers outta your rich fucking husband, and don't you ever fucking call here again. Ever!!

Dave hangs up, this time by throwing the phone through the wall. He sits quietly, thinking. He stands, moves to a a CVS drugstore plastic bag where he finds a new legal pad and pen, along with a No. 10 business-sized envelope. He sits, writes.

DAVE (V.O.)
Things always happen for a reason. That's what they say. Who the fuck are "they," anyhow? What do "they" know about me? They. They, who?

He walks to the wall, puts his hand in the hole the phone made, examines it curiously. He returns to the dresser and note pad, writes again.

DAVE (V.O.)
My insides don't match who I am. My shadow isn't right. If I could find a door, maybe I could find a way. The mountains get plenty of light. Maybe because they're not afraid of light. Or the sun. Or the stars.

He pulls the sheet, puts it in the envelope, seals it. He writes his Northtown address, then HAND CANCEL in big block. He stares at the envelope, then gets up and walks away.

EXT. DAVE'S GRANDMA'S NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - NIGHT

A half-ton moving truck slips through the wee hours. It turns, heads toward Dave's place.

It backs into Dave's long driveway--secluded by high walls and trees--moving toward the gate of the backyard garage.

INT. DAVE'S GRAMMA'S HOUSE

Dave is crashed-out in the living room, asleep before a MOS television transmission of the old "Charlie's Angels" series. The DVD's face clock reads 01:11 AM.

The doorbell rings. Dave wakes slowly. The bell rings again. We HEAR the moving truck's doors sliding O.S., and activity.

Dave runs to the door as the bell rings yet again. He opens to a trio of TOUGH LOOKING WHITE DUDES, all dressed in Levi's and black T-shirts, a couple with Harley logos.

TOUGH DUDE #1
You Dave?

DAVE
Why?

TOUGH DUDE #1
Cute. So, number-1 bedroom?

DAVE
What do you want, man?

The tough dudes look at each other like, "What's wrong with this asshole?"

PEREZ (O.S.)
Hey, Dave, man, what you trippin' on, esé?
(steps in)
He was just testin' you guys. Master bed is down the end of the hall, there.

The tough dudes move out.

TOUGH DUDE #2
Pardon our dust.

Dave and Perez watch the toughs file by. When they're gone:

PEREZ
Man, you gotta get it together.

DAVE
Sorry, man, I was half asleep. Hey, you heard from Parker?

PEREZ
Nah, man, why would I hear from that dude?

In the b.g., four burly, hirsute METH LAB TECHS enter the kitchen sliding glass with fat tool boxes and briefcases.

DAVE
Maybe I should jam. I don't wanna get in the way, here. I know I will. Shit.

PEREZ
Up to you. Your place, and all.

DAVE
Yeah. I don't want to go back to my old place, though: Scotti's there right now.

PEREZ
That spooky fucker? You're brave.

As they talk, two DRUGGIE MOVERS scoot past with the lengths of a bench.

DAVE
Yeah, I should go.

PEREZ
Yo! Why not get yourself a cabin up at Mt. Charleston, and shit? Have some drinks, sit by the fire...

DAVE
Haven't been up there in moons.

PEREZ
Little snow, some tasty ladies at the bar at night.

DAVE
Mmmm. Yeah, the bar. Haven't had any pussy in awhile.

PEREZ
You didn't get no love from those little Coin nuggets?

Dave goes white. Beat.

DAVE
Man, I wasn't with anybody there.

PEREZ
Bullshit, I saw you! In frunna that fuckin' Space Dungeon game.

DAVE
Fuck you, man!

PEREZ
Psycho vato loco. Jesus! Forget it!
(laughs)
You okay to drive?

DAVE
Not drunk yet. Maybe later.

EXT. MT. CHARLESTON REC AREA - DAWN

SUPER: Mt. Charleston: 30 Miles Outside Vegas

Forests and primordial rock mix with dripping shadows in this place where the Spring Mountains cut the continent. A medium snowfall covers the region.

EXT. "OLD" MT. CHARLESTON LODGE

Against the rising day sits the "old" Mt. Charleston Lodge, a chalet of ancient woods and modern glass. No activity, save for a billowing chimney.

EXT. MT. CHARLESTON CABINS

A row of rental cabins sit near the lodge, an expanse of mountainscape and near-hidden fancy homes beyond. One cabin has Dave's CT5 parked in front.

INT. CABIN

Various items of clothing and check-in paperwork litter hardwood floors. In bed against a far window is Dave, asleep on his back, bottle of Beam half-empty beside him. He stirs.

EXT. CABIN BALCONY - MORNING - LATER

Drinking coffee, Dave sits in a robe, stares in deep thought at the panorama. We HEAR a car door slam far O.S., and some kids making noise. Dave stands, looks down into the valley...

...where several CHILDREN run, play, toss snowballs. An attractive MOMMY calls them to the car.

Dave stares. His eyes glaze red. No tears, but close. He dumps his coffee over the balcony, watches the liquid drop several floors down, down. He mounts the balcony rail, sits.

DAVE
Fuck it.

He stands unsteady on the railing. He closes his eyes, teetering. He stretches both arms out to the morning, a Christ-figure in Pierre Cardin.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Whatever happens, happens. Whatever happens, happens. Whatever happens, happens...

He wobbles, falls.

But he drops backward onto the balcony, crushing a couple oak patio chairs with a crash.

INT. MT. CHARLESTON LODGE - DAY

Woodsy decor under a sharp chalet roof. A circular hearth burns in the center of a restaurant. Windows deliver cliffs, sunlight, and a flawless sky. There's a bar on one side of the large interior, an empty lounge on the other. A lone FAMILY is in the place, at lunch.

Dave enters the b.g., and he looks pretty damned good: Relaxed, clean, a decent cut of clothes. He heads for the bar, has a seat on a stool. A very sweetly beautiful BLONDE appears. She's in a food server outfit, tailored to be a quasi-Mrs. Santa Claus, complete with cap.

This is Tammy, 23: Big green eyes, platinum hair in pony tail, modest, quite lovely. Dave is immediately electrified. It's more than a normal turn-on: There's a sense of startled surprise, even familiarity.

TAMMY
(British; Estuary)
Hello.

DAVE
God. Please tell me your accent is fake?

TAMMY
Sorry?!

Dave is "deer in the headlights" a couple beats.

DAVE
Man, I could swear you were someone I used to know.

TAMMY
Yes, by accounts I've met half the western hemisphere.

DAVE
Actually, this "someone" is dead.

TAMMY
Oh, sorry, I didn't mean——

DAVE
No problem. I'm sure a beautiful girl like you hears that "I know you from somewhere" shit all the time. Pardon my Italian.

TAMMY
French, you mean?

DAVE
Nope. I'm half Italian, half white, and half American-Indian.

TAMMY
Are you quite sure that adds-up?
(beat)
So: What'll it be?

DAVE
I wanna know about this Mt. Charleston Coffee thing.

TAMMY
Oh, yeah, the best: Four kinds of liquor, fresh whipped cream, coffee. Very good.

DAVE
Make it two.

TAMMY
Shall I ring a doctor, as well?

Tammy gives a sexy/funny glare, goes to making the coffees.

DAVE
What's your name?

TAMMY
Tammy. Yours...?

DAVE
You can call me Dave.

TAMMY
Not David?

DAVE
Please, no.

TAMMY
Okay, Dave. You live in town?

DAVE
North Las Vegas, born and raised. Northtown, actually. There's a difference, you know.

TAMMY
Indeed there is.

DAVE
But that's not totally right. I was really born in Hawaii. We moved to Northtown when I was two.

She continues with the drink prep.

TAMMY
I see. And did someone anger a deity to bring that about?

DAVE
I hear ya. Could be. That would actually make a lot of sense, come to think of it.

Dave looks around a little.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Seems a little dead.

TAMMY
Give it a few. You're 402, right?

DAVE
How'd you know?

TAMMY
Saw you saunter over. Yeah, saunter. So, what do you do, Dave?

DAVE
I was bussin' tables at Caesars. Now I'm a bum.

TAMMY
I see. Then, do all busboys-slash-bums wear Versace and drive really new Cadillacs?

In a couple beats she's done, arrives with the goods.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
Twenty-two American dollars, please.

Dave pulls a wad of hundred-dollar bills, flips one off. Tammy's brows rise as she takes the Franklin and goes to get change. Dave locks onto her. He's intoxicated, disturbed by her. She comes and lays the change, he pushes her a twenty.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
Aw, you're very sweet.

Dave smiles, leaves the bar, plops in front of the fire. He settles, has a sip. Good. He wipes whipped cream from his face. Tammy smiles at him, he smiles back. She goes back about her biz.

Dave graduates to a darker tone. His face blanks as he watches her wipe the bar, etc. He remembers.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. VALLEY OF FIRE, NEVADA - DAY

With Dave and an UNKNOWN BLONDE FEMALE inside, a four-door 1978 Datsun B-210 zips down a deserted single-lane highway, the Valley of Fire's raging crimson sandstone on either side.

SUPER: Valley of Fire, 50 miles from Vegas. Four years ago.

INT. B-210

An awesome alien landscape blurs red in the windows. A slightly younger, slightly different Dave sits in the passenger seat. The Unknown Blonde, 20, drives. The blonde could easily pass as Tammy the Bartender's "almost" twin.

Dave has no scar on his cheekbone, and he looks pretty stoked. Not at all as we've previously seen him. He smokes a joint, passes it to the blonde. She looks pretty happy, too.

UNKNOWN BLONDE
Love this road.

DAVE
I know, right? Bitchin'.

UNKNOWN BLONDE
Yeah.

Couple beats.

DAVE
So, when you gonna tell your mom about us?

UNKNOWN BLONDE
Never. She fuckin' hates you.

Dave feels that shit, and it shows.

UNKNOWN BLONDE (CONT'D)
Sorry, dude. Deal with it.

DAVE
No, you deal with it!

UNKNOWN BLONDE
What do you want me to do, cut her tits off?! Can we not talk about this right now?

DAVE
I wanna get married.

UNKNOWN BLONDE
Married?! Are you fuckin' deranged? You don't even have a job, bro.

DAVE
Plenty of jobs on the Strip.

No response.

DAVE (CONT'D)
So, will you marry me?

UNKNOWN BLONDE
Dude, fuckin' please!
(beat, softening)
Look, I can't give you more right now, Dave. You're not ready for it at all. And neither am I.

DAVE
Do you love me?

UNKNOWN BLONDE
I think so, yeah. Sure. Why not?

DAVE
Cool. Then we wait.

She doesn't answer. They drive, she smokes the joint.

UNKNOWN BLONDE
They made that one STAR TREK movie around here, you know. The one with Malcolm McDowell.

DAVE
And I know exactly where.

UNKNOWN BLONDE
No way, are you serious? We gotta check that out!

DAVE
When I tell ya, make a left.

UNKNOWN BLONDE
Very cool. Dude, that movie was——

On this, an OBJECT cleanly punches a baseball-sized hole through the car's windshield on Tammy's side.

In a near instantaneous move, the object disappears into Tammy's chest, passing directly through her driver's seat and into the backseat of the car.

It all takes less than 1/8th of a second.

Dave looks over, confused. Tammy still drives, her face blank, catatonic. Dave looks at her chest: Blood pours from between her breasts.

Tammy's head violently slams the steering wheel as her body contracts like a bear trap. The car careens. Dave reflexively grabs the wheel, pulls it, but the car fishtails.

EXT. VALLEY OF FIRE

The B-210 skids from the highway, sails into red desert. It bounces hard, comes to rest in a scarlet cloud.

INT. B-210

Dave's left cheekbone is gouged, blood runs quick from the wound. He disentangles himself, rises dazedly from the wreck.

EXT. B-210 CRASH SITE

Dave struggles to his feet, walks frantically around the crashed Datsun. He gets the driver-side door open, pulls the Unknown Blonde from the mess.

He gently drags her a few feet to an area of open ground, examines her. Her chest and lower body are gorily saturated with blood: It's obvious the object blew directly through her heart. She stares at the sky, her skin blue-white with death.

DAVE
No! No! Wake up! Wake the fuck up!
You can't do this, man! Not now.
Please. Wake up!
(beat)
Please.

Dave collapses next to Unknown Blonde, spoons her, weeping.

EXT. B-210 - MINUTES LATER

Dave, his facial wound untended, stands in front of the Datsun. He's partly smeared in Tammy's blood.

He studies the car, stoically. He then moves to the front, looks at the windshield. Even with the glass cracked-up, the baseball-sized hole is easy to spot. Dave touches it: The edges seem...slightly burnt?

INT. B-210

Dave enters the car, checks the Unknown Blonde's seat: A bloody hole going all the way through.

Dave struggles with the wreck, gets himself twisted around so he can see into the back of the car. In the rear bench seat is another entry hole. Dave reaches, puts his hand inside, but hesitates. He thinks, and then inserts his hand, grasping around inside the cushion.

His face tells us he's found something. He carefully pulls the object out. We do not see it. He regards it for a second, then twists his way from of the car.

EXT. B-210 CRASH SITE - LATER

Dave sits in a sort of lotus position in the red sands next to Tammy's body. She's face-up.

Dave stares at an object directly in front of him. It's a bloody rock, about the size of a baseball. The rock is very strange, completely alien to anything in the area: It's rounded, lopsided, a deep blue-black in color. It looks not unlike a melty, bloody glob of tar.

In the b.g. a 60's Chevy pickup truck approaches from down the road. When it nears the wreck, the truck screeches its breaks, drives off the road and toward the B-210.

The truck stops, an OLD WHITE MAN and OLD WHITE WOMAN exit. They hurry into the scene, the older woman sees Dave and then the Unknown Blonde. The woman gasps, runs over to the Blonde.

Dave stares directly at the rock for the duration of scene, until noted.

OLD WHITE MAN
What happened?!

DAVE
(absolutely calm)
God happened.

OLD WHITE MAN
What?!

DAVE
(to the woman)
That's not a pretty sight, lady. Maybe you better stay with——

OLD WHITE WOMAN
I worked the big war, young man. I seen it all.

OLD WHITE MAN
Looks like the steering column got her.

DAVE
No.

OLD WHITE MAN
No? Well, how'd she get that wound?

DAVE
From this.

The man and woman regard the rock, then look at each other.

OLD WHITE WOMAN
Well, I don't see how——

DAVE
(looks up at them, goes berserk)
Because it's a fucking meteor! It fell from the fucking sky, do you understand?! From the fucking Goddamned sky! And it killed my girlfriend! Do you get it, now? No?! Well, I'll fucking tell you two motherfuckers: God fucking hates me, that's what! He fucking wakes up in his bed up there every motherfucking day, and you know what's the first thing that motherfucker does? He says, "I'm gonna have me a nutritious breakfast, and then I'm gonna fuckin' fuck Dave up!" A meteor, man! A fucking meteor! Fuck it.

He stands, and in a moment that's actually funny, fastidiously brushes himself off. Then, he walks away.

The old man and woman don't know what to make of it all.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. MT CHARLESTON LODGE - DUSK

Dave now shares his fireplace seat with several couples and the place is near capacity with drinking and dining patrons. A BAND plays a sequenced Vegas show-tune in the b.g.

Dave is staring to the middle-distance when he's startled by a shoulder tap. He turns to see Tammy standing over, now wearing Levi's and a killer Swiss sweater.

TAMMY
Follow me. And grab a coat.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - TWILIGHT

A snowmobile zips through pine trees with Tammy in the driver's chair and Dave sitting behind, hanging tight. The snowmobile makes some expert turns and exciting sprints.

EXT. CHALET - TWILIGHT

The snowmobile arrives at a beautiful three story chalet overlooking Kyle Canyon. Tammy and Dave dismount, the sweet-light of near dark grants them a spectral presence.

DAVE
Yours?

TAMMY
Dear old mum's. She's in LA. Business. All to my lonesome.

DAVE
Where's your dad?

TAMMY
Dead.

DAVE
Mine, too.

TAMMY
Mmm. Well, shall we?

They move out.

INT. CHALET - DUSK

Dave and Tammy enter an extremely cozy home: Modern furnishings, fine paintings, hardwood floors, etc. Tammy walks toward a staircase.

DAVE
Nice!

TAMMY
It'll do. Listen, are you hungry?

DAVE
I could eat.

TAMMY
(ascends)
Me, too. Shit! Forgot my cellular. Oh, well.

DAVE
We can go back.

TAMMY
Not a chance. Tomorrow. I'll just have a shower now.
(MORE)

TAMMY (CONT'D)
Leave your gear in the closet opposite stairs. Won't be a moment.

She disappears into the gloom of the second floor. Dave looks around, seriously intimidated by the richness. He examines paintings and walls as he neatly folds his snow gear, leaves it on the floor next to the closet.

INT. CHALET KITCHEN - LATER

A very smiling and sprightly Dave cooks eggs and hashed browns against nighted windows. He sprinkles spices with panache, skill, and whimsy, much like a professional chef.

DAVE
Man, if Parker could see this shit!

He pauses, looks hard at the phone on the kitchen wall. He nods to himself, lowers the fire, goes to the phone, dials.

VOICE (V.O.)
Enter the number to be displayed, followed by the pound sign.

Dave punches eight numbers, hangs-up. His previous grin returns, and he moves back to the eggs, turns the fire up. Dave stirs for a moment like a total pro. He covers the eggs, turns to a cabinet, removes another spice bottle. He uncaps, lightly sniffs the contents.

He stops, leans gently against the counter, eyes closed, sniffing further. He's most pleased with the experience, lost in unknown memories.

TAMMY (O.S.)
(melodic)
I smell garlic and basil.

Tammy emerges from the b.g., a bathrobe wraps her. She has a plastic baggie. Dave snaps-to, recovers. He smiles at her.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
Look at this! How wonderful!

DAVE
It'll do.

TAMMY
More than that. Methinks you can cook!

DAVE
Something I like to do.

TAMMY
Yes, well, and I happen to have in hand something extra special. Sure to delight the most seasoned connoisseur, monsieur.

She produces her baggie. It contains large, dried mushrooms. Dave's eyes widen.

DAVE
Shrooms!

TAMMY
(fake cockney)
An' no' th' Por'abello toipe, 'neetha!

Dave, stoked, takes the baggie, dumps the entire batch of psilocybin into the eggs. He stirs, adds sesame-chili oil.

DAVE
Magic eggs.

Tammy puts her arms around his waist, lays head on his back.

TAMMY
Don't have a girlfriend, do you?

DAVE
Um, we broke up a few weeks ago.

TAMMY
Did you love her?

DAVE
I seriously doubt it. She was just ...something to do.

TAMMY
It's like that, then, is it?

DAVE
Not always.

She relaxes her head, smiles.

INT. CHALET LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In the dark, a huge hearth burns. Dave and Tammy finish their meals in front of the fire. They stare at the dancing light.

TAMMY
A purple flame!

DAVE
Really? Killer. Sage does that. I think. Wow, these are the best fuckin' shrooms I've had in awhile.

TAMMY
Best eggs and potatoes I've had in awhile.

They stare at the blaze.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
I see my whole life in this fire, you know.

DAVE
Yeah? What's it look like?

She smiles painfully, doesn't answer.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Seems to me you got it made.

TAMMY
Don't be daft.

DAVE
"Daft"?

TAMMY
British word for "stupid".

DAVE
Oh. Okay.

They watch the flames. Tammy puts a hand toward the fireplace, moves it slowly to and fro.

TAMMY
How fortunate we met.

Suddenly, Tammy gets up, smiles down at Dave.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
Don't move an inch.

She runs off. Dave's radiant with joy. Beats in silence pass. A door slams O.S., Tammy returns with several heavy blankets. She offers her hand. Dave takes it, stands. They move to a huge French door, exit to a snow-covered balcony.

EXT. SNOWY CHALET BALCONY - NIGHT

She wraps them both in the blankets.

DAVE
Are you crazy?

TAMMY
About you. Maybe. A little, anyway.

DAVE
Already? Wow.

Their breath frosts intensely, and they drop entwined to the wood planking.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. HIGHWAY 95 - DAY

Dave's BLACKWING hauls back to Vegas, he and Tammy inside.

INT. SEDAN

SUPER: Two Days Later.

DAVE
So, I need swing through my old neighborhood past my best friend's place. He hasn't returned my phone pages for days.

TAMMY
Pages? Who does that anymore?

DAVE
Guess I do.

TAMMY
I see. Is it like him to not respond?

DAVE
Parker's a busy guy. Hangs lights for all the stage shows in town.

EXT. NORTHTOWN STREETS - DAY

A depressed area. Dave's CT5 drives at normal speed down an unusually long residential street (Webster).

INT. SEDAN

TAMMY
Hm. He actually lives round here?

DAVE
Yeah, his house is that white one down there, with the wall. It's his mom and dad's place. He's just there til his house gets built up on Sunrise.

TAMMY
Okay.

DAVE
There he is!

About a block away, we SEE Parker cross the wide road. Parker looks their direction, stoically studies the Cadillac, then immediately bolts to the other side of the street.

TAMMY
You sure that was him?

DAVE
Positive. Fucker.

Dave floors it.

EXT./INT. SEDAN

Dave arrives at the point where Parker crossed, but doesn't see him. The CT5 stops in the middle of the street.

DAVE
No fuckin' way. He was just here!

Dave thinks. He puts the car in reverse, backs up. Sure enough, there's Parker slinking away down a secondary road. Parker looks back, sees Dave, knows he's busted. Dave steers the Cadillac Parker's way, rolls down his window.

DAVE (CONT'D)
What the fuck, Parker?

Parker laughs, his frosted breath billows.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Didn't expect me to back up, did you?

PARKER
What?!

DAVE
Fuck it. Listen, man, you gotta come see my new place.

PARKER
Oh?

DAVE
Yeah, I started a meth lab in my gramma's house.

PARKER
Yeah you did.

DAVE
No, really, man. Come on over and let's do some lines.

PARKER
Maaaan...!

DAVE
Get in.

Parker thinks, opens the door and climbs in the back seat behind Tammy. He closes the door and buckles.

PARKER
So what's up with the Cadd, Dave?

DAVE
Tell you later. This is my girlfriend, Tammy.

TAMMY
Is it?

DAVE
Parker?

PARKER
Hi.

TAMMY
Hello.

PARKER
English, huh?

TAMMY
How'd you guess?

They all chuckle. Dave floors it to impress/distract Parker.

PARKER
Not bad. 556, right?

DAVE
Nope. 668.

PARKER
Damn. So, uh, tell me about this lab, Dave.

TAMMY
Yes, let's hear, Dave.

DAVE
You'll see.

Nobody says a word.

EXT. DAVE'S GRAMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

All's quiet as the CT5-V rolls up the driveway. A couple unknown cars are parked out front, along with a primer-grey van. The Cadillac stops. Dave, Tammy and Parker exit, walk to the front door. Dave fumbles with the keys, tries the lock. His key don't work.

PARKER
You really live here, dude?

Dave tries again, frustration increasing.

DAVE
They musta put a new lock on. Fuck!

PARKER
They?

Dave rings the bell over and over again. Someone looks out the window, footsteps approach from inside.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Yeah?

DAVE
Open the door, man, it's Dave.

MALE VOICE
Dave's not here.

DAVE
No, man, I'm Dave, open the fuckin' door!

There's a pause, and then the sound of latches being thrown and tumblers turning. The door opens, a BEARDED BIKER stands there. He looks them over, sees Tammy...

...and stops. There's a definite moment of recognition between Tammy and the biker. The biker says nothing, gazes back toward Dave.

BIKER
Yeah?

DAVE
I own the house, remember?

BIKER
Yeah. Alright.

The biker looks at Tammy one more time, walks away. Dave and his entourage enter the home.

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE

Carpets have been removed, curtains tied, and furniture rearranged. The place has virtually no light, save for a bigscreen TV which VARIOUS NO-GOODS sit around.

Dave's surprise/anger is instant and almost uncontrollable. His eyes water, but he says nothing, storms to the kitchen.

INT. DAVE'S KITCHEN

Things are much the same here...stripped-down, rearranged. Several Bunsen burner assemblies sit on the kitchen counter. Dave walks around in a daze borne of anger and confusion.

Perez Santos steps from the hallway like he's just dragged his one-armed ass outta bed.

PEREZ
(groggy)
Hey.

DAVE
Perez! What the fuck happened here?! Who are these fuckers?! Goddammit, you're fuckin' me up! What if my sister sees?

Perez just stands there. He does a head's-up Parker's way. Parker returns the nod.

PEREZ
(pointing to Tammy)
Who's this, man?

DAVE
Who are you to ask who she is?

PEREZ
Come out back with me right quick. Come on.

Perez and Dave exit the kitchen, Parker and Tammy stay behind. Parker shakes his head.

EXT. DAVE'S BACKYARD

The garage is open in the b.g., therein stand SEVERAL GUYS working on a '57 Chevy. Dave's anger deepens.

DAVE
So you just took the place over?

PEREZ
Dude, you better shut the fuck up. These guys don't play around. If they see you actin' like this alla time, who knows what they'll do?

DAVE
What about what I'll do? This is my fuckin' house, man!

PEREZ
You gonna call the cops? That's right, pendejo, so you best mellow the fuck out.

Perez puts his only arm around Dave's shoulder.

PEREZ (CONT'D)
It's a shock, I know. But wait til you see the first monies. Hell, you'll be able to buy a whole 'nother house!

Dave calms a bit.

DAVE
So, like, can I still live here?

PEREZ
(laughs)
Wouldn't you know it? All the rooms are gone.

DAVE
So, now I can't stay in my own fuckin' pad? What is this bullshit?

Perez walks him toward the back fence.

PEREZ
Look at it this way...does a businessman live at the office? Hell, no. He lives off-site. It's better that way.

DAVE
Off-site. Maybe, yeah. So, when do I get some bread?

PEREZ
Shit, I just remembered: My uncle's buildin' a house out by the lake, sorta right there in Boulder City. Got a big-ass construction trailer on the lot. You could kick it there a while.

DAVE
How's the view?

PEREZ
Fuckin' primo, man. And lotsa privacy for you to bang that hot little blonde——

Dave grabs Perez' lapel, possessed.

DAVE
Don't you fuckin' talk that way! You hear me, man?

PEREZ
Whoa! Okay! Chillax, homes! I was just fuckin' with you.

Dave releases him, composes. All's better. Dave laughs, they do a homeboy-style handshake.

PEREZ (CONT'D)
Crazy fucker. One more thing: Take a look at this.

They take a couple steps toward the garage. The ’57 Chevy looks great. Only the front tires and front-end assemblies are missing.

PEREZ (CONT’D)
When it’s done, it’s yours.

DAVE
(in heaven)
What?

PEREZ
The Main Jü-Jü Bang wants you to have it. Keep you happy, y’know?

DAVE
What? The who?!

PEREZ
The Main Jü-Jü Bang! Boss man. Big boss. Who you think’s runnin’ all this shit? You’ll never need to meet him, though, lest he wants to put a sword up your ass. So don’t worry about it.

DAVE
He uses a sword?

PEREZ
It’s figurative, man.

DAVE
How come I never heard of this dude?

PEREZ
That’s his way. Nobody knows shit til he pulls up in that big fuckin’ motorhome. By then it’s too late.
(laughs)

DAVE
Anyway, so, the car’s hot, right?

PEREZ
Converted title, though. Anybody could walk into the DMV and paper this bad boy on the spot.

DAVE
Excellent.

They do another homeboy-style shake.

PEREZ
Go on and wait out front. Be there in a few.

DAVE
Cool.

Dave walks off, Perez smiles all the while.

EXT. VEGAS FREEWAYS - DAY

Dave, Parker, and Tammy make way down I-15. Dave looks rather pleased with affairs.

DAVE
So, Parker: Wanna get stoned tonight?

PARKER
Nah, man, I got this thing I gotta do. Drop me off at the old bowling alley, alright?

TAMMY
Plan to roll a few?

PARKER
Just gotta meet somebody.

DAVE
Fuckin' Parker: Always a mystery.

He and Parker laugh. Parker looks out the window to points and thoughts unknown.

PARKER
Yep.

EXT. ABANDONED NORTHTOWN BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Dave's CT5 swings into the lot of this down-and-out structure. The surrounding areas, while inhabited, are in the same disrepair. The Cadillac stops.

INT. SEDAN

DAVE
There ain't nobody here, man!

PARKER
He'll be here.

TAMMY
Cold out. Shall we wait with you?

PARKER
I'm good.

Parker opens the door, gets out. He rubs his shoulders when outside. Dave rolls down his window a bit.

PARKER (CONT'D)
(laughing)
It's cold!

TAMMY
Told you so!

DAVE
Yeah, alright, I'll call you later or somethin'.

PARKER
No problem.
(to Tammy)
Nice meeting you.

TAMMY
Likewise.

DAVE
Later.

PARKER
Later.

Dave pulls off. Parker watches, rubs his hands for warmth.

When Dave's gone, Parker turns and immediately heads for a wall beside the alley over which residential areas sit. He looks around, then scales the wall, dropping unseen to the opposite side.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Driving through Northtown.

DAVE
I should stop by my old house and check the mail. Gotta grab the stereo, too.

TAMMY
Is it far?

DAVE
Near the Base.

TAMMY
Can we just go somewhere and be alone? And talk? And cook? And——

DAVE
Of course! I really gotta do this first, though.
(imitates her accent)
We shan't be long.

She playfully hits him.

EXT. DAVE'S OLD SHANTY - DAY

In the b.g., the CT5-V parks. Dave exits, walks toward his mailbox. Tammy remains behind, in the car. Dave opens the mailbox: Junk, bills, and a little letter with HAND CANCEL on the front.

Dave turns, approaches the house. He looks at the moving van. His substitute lock is still in place. He stares for a beat, looks down. And then he hears...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Dave?

He starts, looks about. There's nobody around. Tammy's still in the car. He shakes it off as a huge AWACS 747 makes flight over his head. He walks to his front door, enters.

INT. DAVE'S SHACK

Dave can't believe what he sees: Winking Christmas lights crisscross all over his kitchen, tree ornaments hang from whatever might support them. The oven is open, therein sits a plastic Santa Claus.

DAVE
Fucking-A!

He walks to the living room and nearly faints: A hole has been knocked through his roof, near the outer supporting wall. Cold sunlight streams in. A ladder is propped against the breach.

And below sits Scotti, watching a nature documentary, multiple used pizza boxes neatly stacked by his chair.

DAVE (CONT'D)
What the fuck happened to the ceiling?!

SCOTTI
(doesn't look up)
We needed a bit more light. I could use a tan, as well.

DAVE
What?!

SCOTTI
It's obviously much easier getting to the roof this way. Two birds, one stone.

Dave's head spins. As he tries to find something to say:

D'ZEEMOB (O.S.)
Hey, Dave! Can ya gimme a hand?

Dave is dazed, not quite knowing what to do.

D'ZEEMOB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dave?!

Dave moves toward D'Zeemob's voice, in the bathroom.

INT. DAVE'S BATHROOM

Wearing a fully buckled Kansas City Chiefs football helmet, D'Zeemob is naked in Dave's bathtub, nearly immersed a frothy yellow liquid. From the empty Genuine Draft beer cans sitting in plethora about the latrine, it's not hard to imagine what's filling the tub.

DAVE
What...thee...fuck?!

D'ZEEMOB
Oh. The helmet helps me think. You wanna hand me a towel?

Dave walks out, makes a beeline for the Goldmund system. He immediately unplugs the TV, starts disconnecting wires.

SCOTTI
Um, Dave? What're you doing?

DAVE
I'm takin' the fuckin' stereo, man! You motherfuckers have fucked up everything, but you're not gonna fuck this up!

SCOTTI
Stop what you're doing, Dave. Please?
(Dave ignores him, pulls)
Dave?

No response. Scotti stands, a giant of ambiguity. He walks to Dave in utter calm, grabs Dave powerfully by the hair of the head, pulls him slowly backward. Dave grunts in pain, Scotti uses his free hand to squeeze Dave's face like an old sponge.

SCOTTI (CONT'D)
I said stop, Dave.

DAVE
It's cool, man! It's cool!

SCOTTI
No, it's not cool. That was the migration of arctic hare. And now it's not.

Scotti releases Dave, studies him for a second...and then violently slaps him across the face. Dave's humiliation starts to show. Scotti blankly stares at Dave, slaps him again. Dave is hit so hard that Scotti's actual handprint shows slightly red/white.

SCOTTI (CONT'D)
Now: Please put the system back together? Please?

DAVE
(voice cracking)
Okay, man. Okay.

Scotti walks-off. Tears of insane rage and indignity paint Dave's face.

D'ZEEMOB (O.S.)
Hey, Dave?! You there?

EXT. DAVE'S SHACK - DAY - LATER

Dave exits, the events of the day on his face.

INT. SEDAN

TAMMY
No stereo?

DAVE
Shut up! Shut up! Just shut the fuck up!

Tammy is stunned. Dave, too.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Wait. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Fuck!

TAMMY
What happened? Is that a handprint?

Dave cranks the engine, backs-out. Calmly.

EXT. HIGHWAY 95 - DAY

The Blackwing cruises down a two-lane freeway, the Las Vegas valley far behind. A sign here reads: BOULDER CITY - 8 MILES.

EXT. BOULDER CITY MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

Lake Mead's calming spread fills the background, its canyons and royal blue water touched by shadows of afternoon. There's a rugged mountainside here. On extra-huge lots, elite homes peek from sandstone and sage.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

Yet another maverick home is underway, on perhaps two acres of cleared land. Dave's CT5-V creeps up a dirt road toward the property, and we SEE a construction/residential trailer, parcel-center. The CT5 heads that way, stops before.

INT. SEDAN

DAVE
Now that's a view.

TAMMY
It is. Sure everything's okay?

DAVE
Is now.
(smiles)
C'mon.

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER

Dave and Tammy enter. The windows are closed and drawn, dusty yellow light makes way. Plans are plastered all over the walls, tools lie here and there.

DAVE
Home sweet trailer.

They walk into a kitchenette with a small bedroom nearby and a half-circle window delivering the best part of the view. All in all, not a bad hovel.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I better get some groceries.

TAMMY
I'll fire the heat. Is there a phone?

DAVE (O.S.)
I'll check. Yep.

TAMMY
Right. You won't be long, will you?

They kiss. Two starved mouths.

DAVE
Nope.

Dave exits, waves to her as he does.

EXT. STREETS OF BOULDER CITY, NEVADA - LATE AFTERNOON

The BLACKWING navigates this quaint village, stops at a Mom-n-Pop grocery. Dave exits, walks in.

INT. MOM-N-POP

Dave grabs food items from the shelves. He realizes he's got too much in hand, walks back to the front of the store for an arm basket. He bends for the basket, raises up.

Staring directly at him from across the street is Girl #1, dressed exactly as she was before the acid/Lithium-crazed Girl #2 shot her through the forehead.

Dave freezes up. She smiles at him, walks off. Dave, blown-away, follows her with his eyes...but she disappears behind a chicken restaurant.

Dave puts a hand on his face, smears his features in gripping disbelief. An OLD SHOPKEEP sees this, hopes he doesn't have a nutcase in front of him.

SHOPKEEP
You okay, mister?

DAVE
Flashbacks plague me.

SHOPKEEP
Pardon?

Dave comes out of it.

DAVE
Nevermind. You guys have rice milk?

SHOPKEEP
Nope. They got it down the street.
Chain store.

DAVE
Thanks.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DUSK

The CT5 creeps back to its original spot. Dave exits, bags in arms. He walks to the trailer, struggles to open the door with his one free hand.

DAVE
Tammy? Could you help me out?

She doesn't respond. He continues, gets the door handle, and in doing drops a bag of groceries.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Son-of-a-bitch!

He manages opening the trailer door, enters.

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER

DAVE
Tammy? Hey, sorry it took so long.
Tammy?!

No response. Dave puts the remaining groceries on the floor. Dave thinks for a second. He missed something. He turns.

Sitting across the room from him, on the utilitarian natty brown sofa, is an odd-looking SKINHEAD, 50. He's huge, linebacker-like. He wears a simple black leather headband. His face, while weathered, is actually quite benevolent, kinda like Lance Henriksen when he did ALIENS.

However, his face is extensively and almost artistically inked with a maze of dramatic Nazi/Skinhead/White Supremacist regalia. The Skin also has a short, pointy, really strange-looking three-pronged beard (no mustache), with slashed, bizarre sideburns.

He's got a few of the other tatts you'd expect, like the racist Elbow Web, etc.

The Skinhead wears a black leather biker vest, beneath which is a kind of off-coffee colored T-shirt with a very prominent "Commodore 64" vintage computer logo and label.

The Skin's arms are crossed at his waist and he has an Israeli Desert Eagle handgun in his relaxed right hand. The massive pistol bears a small and crude Schutzstaffel (Nazi SS) double lightning bolt engraving near the trigger guard.

Next to the Skin is a person, but they're sitting under an ugly blanket. Something is wrong with the person, because they vaguely squirm...slowly, but visibly.

Dave and the guy regard each other. The skinhead smiles warmly, nods.

SKINHEAD
Hello.

DAVE
Um, hi. Who the hell are——?

SKINHEAD
Oh, I'm Ralph. The guys like to call me "The Skinhead". As if I'm the only one. Silly, I know. I don't mind.

DAVE
What guys? What's under the blanket?

SKINHEAD
Ah! That's Tammy.

DAVE
Why is she——?

SKINHEAD
Go look in the 'fridge. Please.

Dave doesn't know what to do. A very slight movement from the Skinhead's trigger hand suggests Dave better do something, so he turns and walks to the kitchen refrigerator.

SKINHEAD (CONT'D)
Surprises await.

Dave is definitely amped-up, afraid. He puts his hand on the fridge door, opens. Inside he sees an object taking a full rack of space: One of Tammy's legs, severed at the knee, pale and ghastly, bare except for her shoe and sock.

Dave is shocked, sickened, mad as hell.

SKINHEAD (CONT'D)
Pass the Tapatio, as they say.
Sorry. Kitchen humor.

Dave turns and walks. He returns to confront the Skinhead, and forgetting himself, starts toward the bastard with intent to kill. The Skinhead casually wrist-points the DE pistol toward Dave, without raising his arm. Dave stops.

SKINHEAD (CONT'D)
Thank you. So, would you care to wish Tammy a pleasant journey at all? Here.

With that, the Skinhead lifts the blanket from Tammy's body. She's alive and in thong underwear, her arms tied behind her back to her one leg, which has been forced behind her.

Her breasts are taped with two large x-pattern pieces of Gaffer's tape. Her mouth and eyes are also taped, but with thin, shiny silver pieces. Bloody streaks paint her face from her eyes.

Her skin is extremely pale. She moves almost reflexively, slowly, without purpose. Dave is frozen with hate, fear, disgust. And then he sees the bony, charred remains of her severed leg.

SKINHEAD (CONT'D)
You've noticed the charring.
Blowtorch. A cauterizing effect.
Not the most comfortable
experience. Unless you have a taste
for it, of course. Some do.

Dave just stares at Tammy. He shakes his head.

DAVE
What do you want, man? And why would you do this? Why?

SKINHEAD
I'm not authorized to discuss Tammy's situation. But as for you, Dave, certain people——clients of mine——they feel you're past your expiry. So to speak.

DAVE
Like old milk.

SKINHEAD
(chuckles)
Yes, like old milk. I myself hold no opinion. About either of you. Please understand that.

DAVE
So, what are you going to do?

SKINHEAD
First...

The Skinhead lifts the DE pistol. In a very leisurely manner and without even looking, he puts the muzzle of the pistol against Tammy's left temple and pulls the trigger. Her head blows apart; her body flops off the sofa, to the floor.

Dave grabs his head with both hands. His eyes bug.

DAVE
You. Mother. Fucker. Mother. F——...

SKINHEAD
Dave, in five-thousand years, will any of this matter? Think about it.

The Skinhead stands. Jesus, he's big.

SKINHEAD (CONT'D)
Beer?

Dave's still staring at the body. Then he looks at the Skinhead, incongruously.

SKINHEAD (CONT'D)
Beer?

Skinhead motions Dave forward, they go to the kitchen.

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER KITCHEN

Skinhead motions Dave to sit at the kitchen table. Dave sits.

SKINHEAD
Two beers, comin' up.

Skinhead opens the fridge, smiles at Tammy's leg, grabs a couple of canned beers. He returns to the table, sits, puts the DE pistol just out of Dave's reach on the window box.

SKINHEAD (CONT'D)
(amused, shaking head)
Cans. Bottle preserves the flavor.

Skinhead opens two beers. He slides one to Dave.

SKINHEAD (CONT'D)
Cheers.

They "cheer". Skinhead has a sip off his can, Dave just stares at his. It's a weird moment.

DAVE
I guess this is supposed to be the last beer ritual, or something.

SKINHEAD
Correct. Enjoy.

DAVE
You're not gonna, you know...

SKINHEAD
Surgery? Negative. Painless and quick. Cheers.

DAVE
Cheers.

They drink. Dave regards Skinhead, looks at his shirt.

DAVE (CONT'D)
"Commodore 64". Kinda old school. Really old.

SKINHEAD
Thanks. Actually, I'm a bit religious about the 64. Still code. I find it a challenge. Never bothered with the 128, and so on. 64, only.

DAVE
So, is this a new interest, or...?

SKINHEAD
Negative. Started the journey——trek, if you will——back in February ’84. At the time, I had a cassette tape attached to the computer, for storage. In lieu of a floppy disk drive, you see.

DAVE
They were called ”Datasettes”.

SKINHEAD
(stunned)
They were. I’m impressed you’d know that. You’re a user, then?

DAVE
Negative. I just know some things.

SKINHEAD
Oh? Hey: Ever played ”Dope-n-Dungeons”? If so...me.

DAVE
”Dope and Dungeons”?

SKINHEAD
Not ”Dope and Dungeons,” ”Dope-n-Dungeons”. There’s an extraordinary difference in context and tone with the singular ”n”.

DAVE
Okay. So, what is it?

SKINHEAD
In ’84, I got ahold of this C-64 Datasette game called ”Telengard”. Made by Daniel Lawrence for a company called Avalon Hill. In any case, the game was your basic Dungeon Crawl.

Skinhead notices a legal pad and Sharpie on the kitchen table. He reaches for it.

SKINHEAD (CONT’D)
May I?

DAVE
Be my guest.

Skinhead grabs the pad and uncaps the Sharpie. He draws a something, shows Dave: It's a very nicely executed little silhouette of a knight carrying sword and shield.

SKINHEAD
This guy, a little armored warrior man, your representative player, he would walk around this dungeon complex. Actually millions of square feet on the first level alone, and there were fifty levels!

DAVE
Fascinating.

Skinhead draws again.

SKINHEAD
Indeed. But "Telengard" was just your garden variety fantasy game, with dwarves and elves and orcs...the whole derivative Tolkien thing, you know.

Skinhead shows Dave the paper: Blocky, Old School computer-esque figures of a Dwarf, Elf, and Orc.

DAVE
Yes, Tolkien. Those are nice pictures, actually.

SKINHEAD
Thank you. So what I did was, I hacked Telengard. Changed everything to a stoner/dope-dealer/hippie theme. Everything! Oh, with a little 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY thrown in, because I was really into Kubrick at the time.

DAVE
I can relate.

Skinhead lifts his beer.

SKINHEAD
To Stanley.

DAVE
To Stanley.

They toast and drink.

SKINHEAD
So, like I said, I changed everything: Instead of a sword, you fought monsters with your bong; instead of armor, you had a lawyer! Amazing. And, instead of finding gold, you'd find hash; instead of a treasure chest, you'd an abandoned stash box! Ad infinitum. Fantastic.

DAVE
And clever.

SKINHEAD
If you go online, you'll see it's a huge cult hit in the C-64 community. Has been for awhile. Of course, monsters I changed to cops and stoners and little inside joke stuff, like friends' names, and etcetera.

Skinhead, more excited this time, draws again.

SKINHEAD (CONT'D)
Hah! There was even a "Dead Cop" you had to fight! That was a vampire before I changed it. Represented on the screen by a floating blue robe.

He shows Dave: Again, a nicely drawn floating monk's robes, by the look. Or, a Vampire from Telengard.

Skinhead places the pad on the table, puts a hand on his beer as if to drink. He's waxing nostalgic, smiling contentedly.

SKINHEAD (CONT'D)
Those were the days...

On this, Dave leaps from his fucking chair. He easily launches himself very barely in reach of the DE pistol. Skinhead lunges, but Dave immediately turns the barrel on Skinhead and fires.

The .50 bullet catches Skinhead from a sideways angle, and his bottom jaw blows off. Almost clean off. It leaves an horrific, mangled human being staring back at Dave with quivering tongue and gaping maw.

Blood pours.

Skinhead gargles and grabs Dave, who still has the pistol in hand. Skinhead wrangles Dave powerfully, the DE pistol flies out of Dave's hand and behind the stove.

Skinhead doesn't seem to care about the pistol: He pummels Dave with a massive blow. Dave flies toward the living room.

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER LIVING ROOM

Dave collects himself, dashes toward the back of the trailer, looking for an exit. He finds nothing.

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER BEDROOM

Dave enters the back bedroom, which is more of a storage room with a cot. Various stuff is here and there: Paint cans, ladders, and so on.

Dave is about to try and jump through a small window, when he sees what was obviously the place where Tammy was maimed: A spread of painter canvas saturated in blood, some crude tools...and a military-grade camo painted blowtorch.

Then he sees a metal gallon-sized can of paint thinner. He grabs the thinner, opens it.

Dave then grabs the blowtorch, purposefully turns and walks to the door. He sparks the torch, dials its blue flame to the highest point.

Skinhead enters the doorway. He's now carrying Tammy's leg like a club. He swings at Dave. Dave ducks, nails Skinhead on the pant leg with the torch. The pants burn and singe badly, but don't really catch fire.

Skinhead kicks, catches Dave in the chest. Dave flies backward, but keeps the torch. Skinhead comes to him, Dave rolls, grabs the paint thinner can with his other hand, turns it over on the floor.

Thinner pours out in a pool.

Dave waits til the last second, and then hits the thinner with the torch. It creates mini wall of flame which momentarily stuns Skinhead.

Dave grabs the thinner can, moves around the flames. Skinhead doesn't see...until he turns and gets a face full of paint thinner from Dave.

Skinhead drops Tammy's leg, gurgle-screams from the thinner in his eyes. Dave casually douses Skinhead thoroughly.

DAVE
Surprises await.

Dave tosses the blowtorch to Skinhead's feet; Skinhead goes up like a Roman candle. The thinner burns violently, immolating his clothes and flesh.

Strangely, Skinhead stops struggling, turns and walks out of the room, fully on fire. Which Dave thinks is pretty far out.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Heavy duty.

Dave follows burning Skinhead into the hall, watches as the human torch makes a casual turn at the living room. Dave continues to follow.

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER LIVING ROOM

Skinhead lets himself out the front door.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - NIGHT

As Dave watches from the trailer doorway, Burning Skinhead walks a few feet into the cold desert night, stops, collapses, expires.

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER BEDROOM

Dave returns, douses the thinner fire with the bloody canvas. Once the fire's out, he checks around, makes sure there's no errant flame burning the place down.

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER LIVING ROOM - LATER

Dave leans over Tammy's body. He considers her for a moment, then grabs the discarded blanket, covers her body.

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER KITCHEN - NIGHT - LATER

Dave moves the stove away from the wall, stoops down and retrieves Skinhead's Desert Eagle. A beautiful weapon. Dave moves the stove back.

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER KITCHEN - NIGHT - LATER

Dave on the landline, calling someone. He waits.

INT. CONVERTED BEDROOM - INTERCUTS

Gramma's house master bedroom, lit by a bare bulb. The room has neatly stacked cases, a new rack of automatic rifles.

Cellphone ringing; ring tone is the song "Lowrider" by War. A nude and annoyed Perez sits up from a mattress on the floor, arm stump twitching.

In the sheets next to him——with naked breasts covered——lies a METH CHICK, a blank look on her face.

Perez answers.

PEREZ
Yeah?!

DAVE
(haunted)
Perez. It's Dave.

PEREZ
(worried)
Hey, man, I'm tryin'-a sleep, here!

DAVE
(icy)
You fuckin' armstump motherfucker. You fuckin' off Tammy, then try to fuckin' do me, too. You're fuckin' dead, Beaner. Dead.

PEREZ
Whoa-hey! Just take it on down, baby. Relax.
(beat)
Wait...Beaner?!

DAVE
I got nothin' left, man. You took the last of it. Now, you die. You. Fuckin'. Die.

PEREZ
The fuck? Dude, no. Look, dude, mellow out. Nobody did shit to you. I couldn't! I love you, man. We known each other a long time! You are crazy, of course, but hey, we all are. Now: Relax.

DAVE
(losing it)
I fuckin' trusted you, man.

PEREZ
And you still can. That's a fact. Now what the hell's goin' on?

DAVE
(distraught)
Some Nazi D-n-D guy came and killed Tammy. Tried to get me, too. Said "the boys" sent him. You were the only one who knew where I was.

PEREZ
No, man: Somebody else knew you was up there.

DAVE
Bullshit! Who?!

PEREZ
Your sister. I told her where you were. Tried to make it sound like you were livin' large and free.

DAVE
Kathy? Kathy?!

PEREZ
Yeah, she came by yesterday. Said she had some paper you hadda sign.

Dave freezes. He thinks.

DAVE
"Sketchy people..."

PEREZ
Look, you gotta believe me, dude. I said you could trust me, and I meant it.
(beat)
Hey, uh, what kinda piece did this Nazi cat have on him?

METH CHICK
I'm hungry.

PEREZ
Shut up, bitch.

DAVE
Big. Fifty-cal, I think. Handgun.

PEREZ
Oh, so you got it? Whoa. Sounds like an Israeli Desert Eagle, esé. Rocket launcher!

DAVE
Yeah. It's got a little SS lightning bolt symbol on it, too.

PEREZ
(chuckling)
That's...pretty fucked, man, when you think about it.

DAVE
Fuckin' whatever, man. I gotta think about all this.

PEREZ
Okay. So, we cool?

DAVE
Yeah. All good. I gotta go, now.

PEREZ
Okay, man, if you need to.
(all smiles)
Wait, wait! Hold up! Hey, uh, we got some money on the way. Thought you might like to hear that.

Dave, a zombie, hangs up. Perez looks pretty worried. He reaches for a cordless nearby, dials quickly.

METH CHICK
I'm hungry.

PEREZ
I look like a fuckin' drive-thru, bitch? Damn.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - NIGHT

Calm and clear. A shooting star suddenly crosses the sky.

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dave stirs a pot of soup on the stove. He stares at it, and then steps to the kitchen table, has a seat. On and around Skinhead's Telengard graphics, he writes himself a quick a letter, his pre-addressed envelope on the table beside him.

DAVE (V.O.)
It is cold tonight. Life is a mountain. It's too steep. Maybe I should climb around it. On the other side, there might be a house. In that house, maybe I will find a home. Or a girl again. Maybe.

Dave considers the gravity of his next words.

DAVE (V.O.)
But maybe the house is not there. Maybe there is only a graveyard.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - NEAR DAWN

As first light creeps, Dave exits the trailer, the camo blowtorch in hand. He stops, activates the torch, leans down into the trailer doorway and lights a shiny spot on the ground. The color of the fire and the quick spread tell us it's the remains of the thinner.

Dave tosses the torch inside the trailer. As it becomes a pyre, Dave gets into the Caddy, starts it, drives away.

EXT. I-15 NORTH (VEGAS) - MORNING

Dave drives the waking Vegas Valley. It's a glorious morning

EXT. I-15 NORTH, NEAR 93 TURNOFF - LATER

Vegas Valley a couple miles behind, Dave's CT5-V makes way.

INT. CT5-V

Dave, blank, drives through the morning desert. He's focused on something far away. On the passenger seat is the Desert Eagle, just sitting there.

EXT. I-15 NORTH AT OVERTON TURN-OFF - DAY - LATER

A prominent turnoff sign reads OVERTON: 25 MILES. Dave's CT5 navigates the off-ramp, merges onto a single-lane road heading into what seems to be deeper desert.

EXT. NEAR OVERTON - DAY - LATER

The CT5 makes way.

The landscape changes to desert mixed with small and large farms (horses and hay), residential, and small shoppes. A sign reads WELCOME TO OVERTON.

INT. CT5 - DAY - LATER

Dave checks the GPS, nods to himself. He slows, turns down a dirt road leading west.

EXT. OVERTON NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Nice, tidy homes. Far in the b.g. is the blue water of Overton Arm, part of Lake Mead. Beyond that, the rugged Virgin Mountains.

Dave's BLACKWING pulls to a stop near a large and immaculate single-level house. Kathy's MINI is in the driveway. Dave looks at the house painfully, then collects the Desert Eagle from the passenger seat.

Dave exits the Caddy. Nobody's around. A dog barks somewhere. Dave walks up to the door, knocks, then rings the bell. Footfalls O.S., over hardwood.

Door opens, it's Kathy. Dave immediately raises the Desert Eagle, pointing directly in her face. She reflexively winces, but it's too late.

Dave fires.

Click. There's a strange beat, until Dave realizes the pistol didn't fire. He pulls the trigger again. Click. Kathy's realization kicks-in, too, and she punches Dave square in the face, knocks him cold.

INT. KATHY'S KITCHEN - DAY - LATER

Perfect, and old fashioned. But, new. Dave's sitting at a kitchen table, head on the wood, a piece of steak across his face. He's still out. But now he stirs-to, raises up. The steak falls off his face. He picks it up, sniffs it.

KATHY (O.S.)
Welcome back, David.

The Desert Eagle lands on the dining room table, directly in front of Dave.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Drop something?

Dave looks. Kathy stands there, leans casually in the kitchen doorway. She shakes her head, walks over, sits next to him.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Y'know, David, it's a good idea to maybe load a few bullets when you try and kill somebody.

DAVE
Wow. Thought it was loaded.

KATHY
You thought wrong. Now, before I call the Overton Police Department and have you hauled out of here for, oh, maybe Attempted Murder to start, mind telling me how I made your list?

DAVE
Where's your husband?

KATHY
Dave's on his way. He doesn't know.

Dave sits there. He stares at her, hatred building.

DAVE
Why did you hire that guy?

KATHY
Uh, what guy?

DAVE
The one who killed Tammy.

KATHY
(incredulous)
Who? Dave, your mind is gone. You're living in a druggie fantasy world. There is nobody——

DAVE
(slams the table)
No! You hired him! It had to be you! You were the only one who knew we were up there! You said you knew sketchy people!

KATHY
(calm, studies him)
I don't know what you're talking about. But, let's extrapolate: Someone tried to kill you.

DAVE
I shot him first, though.

KATHY
With this. We'll get back to that. Apparently he only loaded a pair of bullets. One for you, one for...

DAVE
Tammy.

KATHY
Right. I've heard of that, actually. Suggests a high degree of confidence and calculation.
(glances at the Eagle)
Nice piece, I must say. Except for the Schutzstaffel. Sick bastard.

DAVE
Huh?

KATHY
Anyway, this "someone" was a hired hit man. You're sure about that.

DAVE
He told me so.

Kathy puts her hand on Dave's shoulder. They now look at one-another like siblings do.

KATHY
Strange as it sounds, I still love you, Dave. I know it's been tough for you, way tougher than it was for me. I would never harm you. Not ever. In fact, I've tried over and over to help.

DAVE
Like you helped yourself?

KATHY
And what does that mean?

DAVE
Nevermind.

KATHY
Yeah, I know what it means. Yes, David, I made bad decisions, did bad things to my body and ruined it.
(MORE)

KATHY (CONT'D)
Married to a Mormon, and can't make a baby. Ponder that for a moment. But those days of badness are long behind. You can put your own fuck-ups and all the rest long behind yourself, too. You have to want to. Turn the corner, Dave. I did it. The time is right now.

Dave regards her. She removes her hand.

DAVE
He killed Tammy.

KATHY
I don't know who that is.

DAVE
I loved her. I guess I did. I don't know.
(couple beats)
You said "fuck".

KATHY
No, I said "fuck-ups".

There's a sound OS: Keys rattling, and the front door opening. Kathy pushes the Desert Eagle toward Dave, he sticks it down the front of his pants.

Footfalls approach, and then a good-looking middle-aged man, DAVE (KATHY'S HUSBAND) appears. He's in biz attire, minus jacket, with briefcase, tie undone, sleeves rolled. Dave and Kathy stand.

DAVE - KATHY'S HUSBAND
Dave! How are you? Long time.
(to Kathy)
Hi, honey.

Kathy gets up, goes to her husband Dave, politely kisses him. They stand together.

DAVE - KATHY'S HUSBAND (CONT'D)
Well. You staying for dinner, Dave? I'm sure there's fine grub around.

DAVE
No, sir. But thanks. Probably ought to get going.

DAVE - KATHY'S HUSBAND
Rather like that Cadillac out front. Gramps had good taste.

DAVE
He married gramma. So, yeah.

They all chuckle. Dave walks over——being careful about the pistol——and shakes Dave the Husband's hand.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Thanks, sir.

DAVE - KATHY'S HUSBAND
Oh? For?

KATHY
Taking good care of my sister.

Dave waves goodbye, sees himself out.

DAVE - KATHY'S HUSBAND
Don't want to sound, um... Why was he here?

KATHY
He needed to turn a corner. And you know what? He might have.

She pats him on the belly.

EXT. NORTH SHORE ROAD, NEAR OVERTON ARM - LATE AFTERNOON

With shadows growing, Dave's CT5-V snakes through the narrows of the area.

EXT. VALLEY OF FIRE TURNOFF - TEN MINUTES LATER

Dave's Cadillac pulls to a stop at the Valley of Fire turnoff. A couple beats.

INT. CT5-V

Dave stares at the Valley of Fire highway sign outside. He leans back in his seat, tortured by memories new and old. After a few beats, he starts beating the steering wheel with a single fist. Over and over and over he punches it, going apeshit, furious, possessed with rage.

At the end of this exorcism, he smoothes his hair, wipes his tears, and looks like he's ready to kill.

DAVE
Perez. Fuckin' Perez.

He pulls the Desert Eagle, removes the clip: Empty.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Ammo.

He puts the Caddy in gear, burns out toward Vegas. He leaves a cloud of dust.

Approaching from the actual Valley of Fire road is a Nevada Highway Patrol unit (NHP). The unit pauses at the stop sign, and then of course hits the cherries and takes after Dave.

INT. CADDY

Dave flies down North Shore Road. Dangerously fast.

Multicolored lights fill his rearview. Dave turns to see the Nevada Highway Patrol cruiser on his tail. Dave goes apeshit, slams the dash over and over. But, no escape. Dave violently pulls to the shoulder and stops in a wild cloud of grit.

EXT. NORTH SHORE ROAD

The stopped Blackwing, HP cruiser behind. A lone NEVADA HIGHWAY PATROLMAN, 49, very cautiously exits his cruiser, hand on weapon. Somewhat small and round, he scans Dave's car, carefully approaches in standard roadside-stop stratagem. The officer's name-patch says "DeQuattro".

INT. CT5-V

Dave, hands on steering wheel, doesn't look at the officer.

NHP OFFICER
Evenin', sir. Little fast back there.

DAVE
(holding rage)
Officer, I really need to get back.

NHP OFFICER
What's the hurry?

DAVE
I left the stove on. Apparently.

The officer senses Dave's manner and the whole situation as out-of-whack. He casually drops back a pace.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Can I go now?

NHP OFFICER
Anything to drink tonight, sir?

DAVE
Yeah, a whole fuckin' bottle of Jack! No! Nothing to drink! Can I just go?!

NHP OFFICER
Okay, then. Can you step out of the car for me, sir?

DAVE
Why?!

NHP OFFICER
Sir, please step out of the car.

Dave sighs, exits the vehicle, defiant.

NHP OFFICER (CONT'D)
Now just keep your hands where I can see them. And please move to the front of the car.

Dave moves to the front of the car, puts both hands on the hood, spreads his legs. The officer, amused, walks over, does the search.

NHP OFFICER (CONT'D)
Done this before, huh?

Dave turns in a blinding spin, tackles the officer. They fall to the shoulder, kicking and gouging. It's a desperate duel as Dave claws for the HP's sidearm.

NHP OFFICER (CONT'D)
Don't do it, son! Don't do it!

They struggle mightily, when Dave suddenly pops the officer's 9mm from its holster and puts it against the man's neck.

DAVE
Don't even think about the ankle piece, Wyatt. Get up!

The officer freezes, as taught. He stands, Dave keeps the 9mm trained, then finds and removes the officer's backup ankle piece, a .357 snubber, identical to the weapon that killed Girl #1.

NHP OFFICER
Just relax, now.

DAVE
Second time I heard that today. But then again, what do you know about anything, huh? You got a nice fuckin' job, a wife, a couple kids? What do you know about life?

NHP OFFICER
Please...just relax. Tell me what you need.

DAVE
(fires .357 into the air)
I need a life, man, that's what I need! You got one for me? Huh?!

NHP OFFICER
Just hand me the weapons, and we'll talk about it.

Dave chuckles a laugh of sorrow and tickled nonsense.

DAVE
Okay, this is how it's gonna be.

He walks to the driver's side of the Cadillac, pulls the hood latch. He also grabs the iPhone.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Don't move.

Dave walks to the front of his ride, opens the hood. He yanks around, rips-out the ignition wires.

NHP OFFICER
Please, son, I've already called this in.

DAVE
Yeah, right, officer De Quattro, sir! You didn't call shit. Bunch of fuckin' John Waynes out here.

Dave walks to the passenger side of the Cadillac, points the 9mm at the rear tire, fires twice. It quickly deflates. He walks back to the front of the car, sits in the dirt facing the officer.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Listen...I don't have any problem with you, as a person.
(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
You just got in the way tonight. I'm gonna leave you here now, and take your car. I'm sure you'll be fine. No hard feelings?

NHP OFFICER
Son, please. Don't do this to yourself.

Dave stands.

DAVE
Too late.

Dave walks backward to the Highway Patrol cruiser, gets in. He puts the car in gear, burns down the highway in a ball of smoke, dust, and winking cherries.

INT. NHP CRUISER - NIGHT

Dave searches for the "Off" switch to the cherries and exterior spotlights, eventually finds them. He's running strong now, looks all around him. A big smile hits his face.

DAVE
I can do this.

He sees the standard riot shotgun locked tight on the dash divider beside him. He nods to himself.

EXT. NORTH SHORE ROAD, NEAR HENDERSON - NIGHT

Dave's cruiser rolls toward Vegas.

EXT. DAVE'S GRANDMA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The Nevada Highway Patrol cruiser slinks through a familiar residential turn, all lights extinguished.

INT. NHP CRUISER

Dave scans the neighborhood, sees his Grandmother's home with all the No-Good vehicles parked around. He checks things carefully, keeps moving. He stops, thinks.

A mean-eyed cat sneaks across the street. It freezes, looks Dave's way, then hurries on about its business. Dave then straightens himself, his own eyes possessed with a plan. He pulls the iPhone, and for the first time we see him text.

INSERT: CU OF iPHONE - A text-message to Perez. Two simple words: SURPRISES AWAIT.

BACK TO: Dave puts the iPhone away. He sits for a moment.

DAVE
Okay.

He turns on the police radio. We HEAR a couple seconds of AD LIB police chatter. Dave interrupts.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Listen all you coppers out there:
This is the guy who stole patrol
car number...
(looks out window)
...number twenty-one twelve.

He waits. In a couple seconds, a FEMALE DISPATCH comes on.

FEMALE DISPATCH (V.O.)
Twenty-one twelve, please
acknowledge, over.

DAVE
I'm not twenty-one twelve...he's
back on North Shore Road.

FEMALE DISPATCH (V.O.)
Ten-four, we're aware, twenty-one
twelve. State your twenty, over.

DAVE
Twenty means "location," right?

FEMALE DISPATCH (V.O.)
Ten-four, over.

DAVE
Then I'll tell you exactly where
I'm at. 1851 Burd Road. In
Henderson. Of course. Waiting for
you! Over.

FEMALE DISPATCH (V.O.)
Ten-four, twenty-one twelve, we'll
have someone at your twenty
shortly, over.

Dave kills the call. He activates all the lights and sirens he can find, slams the gas.

EXT. DAVE'S GRANDMA'S NEIGHBORHOOD

The NHP cruiser blazes into a 180° burn, shoots up the street past his Grandmother's place.

INT. CRUISER

Dave locks the brakes, drops the car into reverse, looks behind him. He floors it.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD

The cruiser lays a backward posi-traction trail as it scorches up over the curb and into his Grandmother's yard. Engine roaring, the cruiser gains speed until...

Glass, wood, and plaster explode as the cruiser rockets through the grandmother's living room window.

INT. DAVE'S GRANDMA'S HOUSE

The NHP Cruiser slams the opposite wall, destroys the bigscreen TV, locks to a stop. Utter chaos as No-Goods run like bugs from a rock.

Dave releases the NHP riot shotgun from its locked cradle, grabs it, exits the car. The cruiser's lights and sirens are still on. One of the uglier No-Goods stands there in shock.

DAVE
(yelling above siren)
Where's Perez?

The No-Good points to the back. Dave walks that way, but he doesn't have to go far...because there's one-armed Perez, in a nightshirt, standing in the hall with a Heckler & Koch .45 rifle, no less.

Perez squeezes some shots, sparks and metal explode around Dave. Dave drops behind the HP cruiser, more shots from the .45 rifle ding up-and-down the side of the car.

Dave looks under the car, see Perez' feet walking around the right-rear tire. Dave extends the shotgun, points it near point-blank, fires.

Perez' left leg is shredded in two above the ankle, and the right leg doesn't fare much better. Perez falls in agony. The force of the blast counter-tilts his body and his head hits hard against the passenger-rear window, knocking teeth out.

The HK drops from his grip.

Dave gets-up, walks around the front of the HP cruiser. With lights and sirens still blaring, Dave takes aim at Perez, who's now vocally in most excellent agony.

Dave walks the muzzle right up to Perez' face, parks it near Perez mouth, which is bloody from the loss of front teeth.

PEREZ
Ai, mi vida...

Dave stares down the short barrel of the riot gun, his eyes seethe. Beat.

Dave lowers the shotgun, walks away.

PEREZ (CONT'D)
No, man, come do it! Do it! Puto maricone! Ai!

INT. KITCHEN

Dave, dazed, begins to walk toward the sliding glass exit. His confusion graduates to hate, and he purposefully turns, moves back toward the living room, shotgun ready.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Dave turns the corner, ready to finish Perez. But, he's tardy: Perez is seriously dead, his skin pasty and blue. A lake of blood surrounds his legs; his mouth is agape in a silent, tooth-shattered plea.

Dave lowers the shotgun.

EXT. DAVE'S GRANDMA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Dave crosses the yard as Bikers and Stoners run to gather their wares. He enters the garage.

INT. GARAGE

The '57 Chevy is in a state of near completion. Dave takes a look, sees the keys in the ignition. He hops in, turns it over. The beast grunts heavy, humming strong. He floors it.

EXT. BACKYARD/NEIGHBORHOOD STREET

The ’57 careens out of the garage. It hauls through the backyard fence, barely missing stoners. It swings down the driveway and into the street, disappears around a corner.

A few quiet beats, and then... A swarm of wailing Henderson and Vegas Metro squad cars converge on the house.

EXT. SUNRISE MOUNTAIN (ABOVE VEGAS) - NIGHT

Dave’s ’57 pulls to a stop before one of the biggest panoramas of the Vegas skyline available from earth. Truly a carpet of glittering stones in a swath of dark.

Dave absorbs the beauty. To his right is the spectacle of a Mormon temple with spires fully lit, a statue of angel Moroni trumpeting to heaven with 24K arms. Dave shakes his head, turns the rearview mirror to his face.

DAVE
Don’t eat the liver.

EXT. NORTHTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

Dave cruises back toward Nellis Air Force Base.

INT./EXT. ’57 - NIGHT

Dave pulls to the curb outside his old shack. He looks down the driveway: His one-time abode is now but a few spare studs and pipes. It’s otherwise been completely burned to the ground. The toilet, tub, and sink remain, however.

Dave pulls up, gets a view of the mover’s truck: It’s on its side, nothing more than a charred metal frame. Surrounding the truck is a fence of ”crime scene” tape.

Dave rests his head on the ’57 steering wheel, despaired. Engine still running, Dave gets out and checks the mailbox. Inside he finds a shampoo sample, bills, ads...and two of his self-addressed HAND CANCEL letters.

The zip-code 89030 has been scratched out and replaced with a handwritten ”89115”.

EXT. DAVE’S BURNED-DOWN SHACK - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Dave scrapes around where his recliner would have been. His blackened hands find a metal panel.

He works for a second, and then produces the old fashioned silver skeleton key from his pocket, which fits into a charred lock on the panel.

He lifts the metal panel away. Inside is a squarish compartment the size of a milk crate. It's filled with self-addressed HAND CANCEL letters. Could be hundreds. Some on the top are slightly scorched, but they're otherwise intact.

He tosses the last two missives on the stack, and then digs beneath them, careful not to displace them too much. In a moment, he produces the meteor that killed the Unknown Blonde. He regards it, then replaces the box cover, locks it. He pockets the key, stands, walks away.

At the end of the driveway he's hit by a set of six extremely bright headlights and fog-lamps...from the front of a black motorhome which cannot be clearly seen.

A handgun is thrust to the base of his skull. Dave freezes. It's one of the "No-Good" biker guys from the house. Two more No-Goods approach from the lights, they too with handguns, but lowered at their sides.

NO-GOOD #1
Just keep cool.

Dave complies. The two other No-Goods stop about ten feet away. Dave can more clearly see the motorhome now. It's huge, perhaps 30' long, easily the size of a city bus. Completely black, as well.

In reality, the vehicle is a 1977 GMC motorhome, very clean and preserved, engine running.

There's a hissing-sound, the entire passenger-side of the GMC motorhome "kneels" down. The primary door opens, and out steps a CAUCASIAN GENT, 72, in Hawaiian shirt, white pants, and beige canvas shoes. His hair is dyed jet-black, and he looks an awful lot like Harry Dean Stanton c.1988. A large BLACK BODYGUARD follows behind the man, a titan of a dude in G-Star and leather.

The gent walks casually and comfortably over to Dave, stops within arm's reach, his bodyguard mere feet behind.

MJJB
(Southern genteel)
Well, hello there!

DAVE
Who are you?

The MJJB smiles, crosses his arms.

MJJB
Perez liked to call me "The Main Jü-Jü Bang". I expect he won't be using that particular term again anytime soon, however.

DAVE
Sorry about that.

MJJB
Oh, no, don't be, don't be. I had discovered a few things about Perez of late that I found, well, somewhat amiss. He was ambitious, that boy, my, my. Lord knows I did try and keep him happy in the smaller things.
(notices meteor)
What is that you're carrying there?

DAVE
A meteor. It killed somebody. Somebody I loved.

MJJB
Is that so? May I——?

The Main Jü-Jü Bang motions for the meteor, Dave gives it to him. MJJB is thrilled.

MJJB (CONT'D)
Landsakes, this is quite the prize. Gotta be worth a few pennies, anyway. You say it killed someone?

Dave nods. The MJJB motions to one of his guys to come and get the meteor. Dave doesn't seem to care.

DAVE
Can I ask you something?
(MJJB gently motions)
Why'd you have to kill Tammy? And why like that?

MJJB
Yes, Tammy. Oh, don't take her passing too badly, now, son. That girl had no real soul. Just a body with nothin' in it at all.

DAVE
That's not true.

MJJB
I reckon you lack a finer understanding of the matter. But that's to be expected. Tammy was my property. She was nigh on seven or eight years old. Bought her from some Russians I know. Nice fellows.

DAVE
So? People adopt kids all the time.

MJJB
Not adoption, Mr. Marino. Slavery. Oh, some people call it "child trafficking" and whatnot, but it all washes the same. She got quite used to it, though. I suppose it coulda been Stockholm Syndrome. Or, she mighta just been happy. Some women——some people——need a strong Alpha in their life, you understand. A force of power they can look up to, and so on.

Dave is mortified. He in fact starts to show tears of anger and disgust.

MJJB (CONT'D)
She was sure fond of you-all. Said you was a real good guy inside.

DAVE
Why'd you kill her that way?

MJJB
(all smiles)
Does it matter?

DAVE
It does, actually.

MJJB
Well. That breaks my heart. Just breaks it in two.

The Main Jü-Jü Bang walks over to Dave, stands beside him, but doesn't face him.

MJJB (CONT'D)
I have to remove you here and now, Dave. However, I'm not Ralph, and you won't get away. Nothin' personal, as they say.
(MORE)

MJJB (CONT'D)
Just can't have a wild card wanderin' around town, causin' God knows what all.

MJJB turns and looks Dave in the eye, very seriously. A couple beats.

MJJB (CONT'D)
But then, you are rather a sad man. In many ways a fell and hapless victim, deserving of *alms*.
(beat)
Where'd you go to school, son?

DAVE
Northtown. Rancho. Where else?

MJJB
My stars! Rancho High School! I was a Vegas High man, m'self. Go, Wildcats!

MJJB looks at Dave a long while. A smile spreads on his face, locks there.

MJJB (CONT'D)
Good ol' Rancho...and the perennial fight with Vegas High for Sir Herkimer's Bone. Oldest tradition in Nevada high school football. Goes all the way back to...
(to bodyguard)
How many years does that go back, Clyde?

CLYDE
Don't know, sir. I'm from Anaheim.

MJJB
Oh, well, it has to be the 50's, anyway.

The Main Jü-Jü Bang walks in front of Dave, studies him with a big, illuminated smile. Dave shows no fear, no emotion.

MJJB (CONT'D)
And a million-dollar meteor.

MJJB pats Dave on the cheek, then turns and walks away.

MJJB (CONT'D)
(to the No-Goods)
Pack it up, boys.

The No-Goods return to the GMC. MJJB is almost there with them when he stops, turns and faces Dave.

MJJB (CONT'D)
You go on, now. Get outta here.

MJJB enters the motorhome, the entourage follow. The passenger-side of the motorhome uprights itself, and the rig pulls away, passing within a couple feet of Dave. Dave stands there, not really sure what the hell just happened.

INT. PARKER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Various West African accoutrements decorate this place of slumber, along with a couple Iron Maiden posters and a mountain bike.

In a large waterbed lies Parker, asleep. A rapping at the window above his head wakes him. Parker gathers his wits and slips from his comforter, wearing only a black Speedo brief. His body is lean, cut, superbly svelte and athletic.

Parker casually reaches for a weathered AK-47 beside him, stands and peeks out the window. He shakes his head, replaces the AK, grabs his jacket.

EXT. PARKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Now in black leather jacket and sweatpants, Parker walks to the idling '57 in the driveway, Dave in the driver's seat.

PARKER
This better be good, man.

DAVE
Get in.

PARKER
What?!

DAVE
Get in, man. Please. If you do what I say, it'll be worth a lot to you.

PARKER
Maaaan...!

DAVE
Come on, man. Let's go.

Parker shakes his head, but then he reluctantly enters.

INT. ’57 - NIGHT - LATER

Passing through Vegas. Parker admires the wheels.

PARKER
Pretty cherry, dude.

DAVE
Yep. And, it’s yours.

PARKER
Oh, *really*.

DAVE
Yeah. Really. Believe me, nobody’s gonna come lookin’ for it.

EXT. RAILROAD UNDERPASS - NEAR DAWN

Starlight ebbs as the ’57 stops beneath a freeway, the Rio Hotel in the b.g. A train track is here. The ’57 idles.

INT. ’57

DAVE
Alright, man, I’m outta here.

PARKER
What? Dude——

DAVE
Hey, you know anything about Perez? How he lost his arm?

PARKER
I don’t really know that dude, man.

Dave exits. Parker, perplexed, follows.

EXT. UNDERPASS - DAWN

Dave looks around, takes a breath of cold morning light. He walks to Parker, does a homeboy handshake.

DAVE
You never really liked me. I really liked you, though. You kind of inspired me. I wanted to be cool like you. I was just a dumbass. Not anymore. There’s somethin’ good out there. Maybe. The mountains.

PARKER
Mountains? Man, dude, what the fuck are you trippin' on?

DAVE
Just go, man. Please.

In the b.g., a very long train enters the scene, passes achingly slow, industrial cars swaying.

PARKER
I'll call you in a couple hours when you're thinkin' straight.

Dave starts a backward walk toward the train.

DAVE
Sure you will. Later, man.

PARKER
Later.

DAVE
Wait.
(tosses letter compartment key to Parker)
If you figure it out, you'll figure it out.

Parker studies the key for a sec, looks at Dave again, then shakes his head and gets in the '57. He closes the door, puts it in gear and sanely drives away. In a moment, he's gone.

Dave walks right up to the train. He lunges, easily grabs a car carrier, pulls himself up and on. He has a seat.

In the b.g. we see the '57. Dave does not see it, though. Another car appears behind the '57, an older four-door Mercedes. The Mercedes quickly pulls beside the driver's side of the '57. As Parker looks over, a pair of hands holding a Brügger & Thomet MP9 machine gun appears from the passenger side window of the Mercedes. With a few silenced bursts, Parker is executed.

The Mercedes pulls away; Dave sees and hears nada. Dave stares forward to the tracks ahead, totally lost in thought.

Train continues by, boxcars and chem tanks. A few beats and the caboose finally shows. In a few more beats, all's quiet.

FADE TO BLACK.

END.